

GERMANY MUST BE SALVAGED

BY DOROTHY THOMPSON

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BY CHARLES HURD

JUNE 1943

The American Mercury



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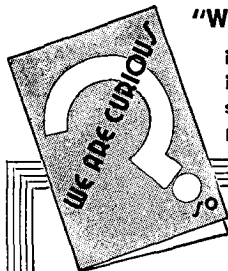
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THE FIFTH SEAL, by Mark Aldanov, translated from the Russian by Nicholas Wreden. \$3.00. *Scribner's*. This is the novel that stirred the communist underground here to a fury of attempted literary arson. The signal was given by the *Daily Worker* back in January. One of the veteran academic stooges of the communists, Dr. Dorothy Brewster of Columbia, picked up the torch and an assortment of other totalitarian liberals followed her. Communist-dominated trade unions in New York joined in the orgy. From all sides editors and reviewers began to receive warnings to boycott this novel, and the Book-of-the-Month Club — which selected it for May — was subjected to threats and pressures.

The war cry was that publication of *The Fifth Seal* and its distribution by the book club would offend our Soviet allies and hence hurt the cause of victory over the book-burners of Berlin; only a little book-burning in the USA, indeed, could save the world from this disaster. The campaign failed. It fizzled out in laughter, when it became known that only one of the teachers and writers and sundry "intellectuals" protesting against the novel had any idea of what was in it. But the episode is no laughing matter for those concerned with keeping American literature free. The readiness of so many self-styled liberals and trade unions to undertake book suppression at the behest of the midget Machiavellis of Union Square is a sad symptom of the low estate of intellectual life on the Left.

It is easy to understand why the communists here are offended by this novel. It is not "anti-Soviet" in intention — Aldanov is a genuine artist; his materials rather than any political intention shape his work. But precisely because he depicts the truth — not alone the surface facts but the psychological and spiritual essences — the Soviet faithful in our midst can't take it. The novel is set in Western Europe and concerns itself largely

(Continued on page 757)



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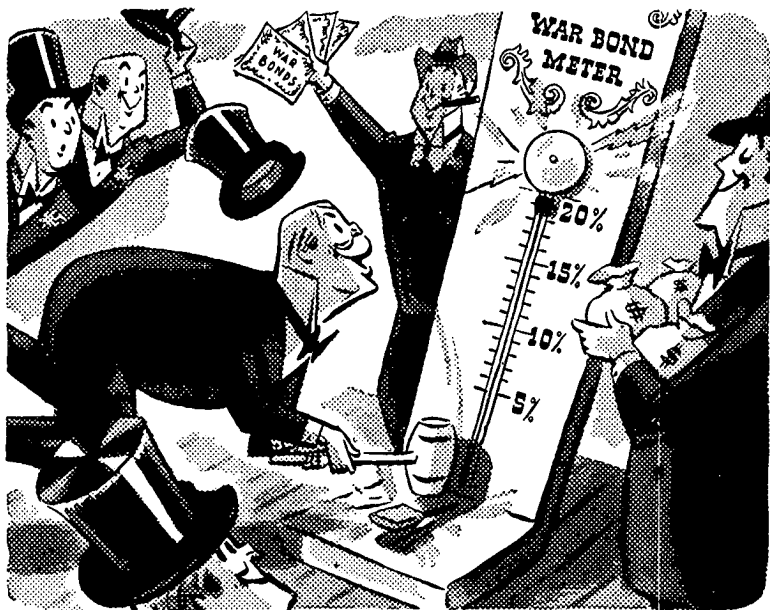
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GERMANY MUST BE SALVAGED

BY DOROTHY THOMPSON

THE eternal dilemma of war and peace is that the mentality engendered by war is rarely, if ever, the mentality capable of constructing a lasting peace.

War is a short-range project for a limited objective: the defeat of the armies of the enemy. It is waged in an atmosphere charged with passion. As it proceeds, with its sufferings and sacrifices, the viewpoint steadily contracts into a smaller and smaller focus, on the single point of Victory. The issue is seen in sharpest black and white, purged

of all skepticism, objectivity, or generosity. Victory, it seems, when achieved will solve everything, provided only that it is such a victory as will keep the enemy permanently defeated.

In modern wars this fanatic concentration on the extermination of the enemy becomes endemic to whole populations. In previous centuries, wars were fought between professional armies and dynastic houses. The people suffered but the broad masses were seldom spiritually, mentally or even physically

DOROTHY THOMPSON, political columnist, radio commentator, lecturer, former foreign correspondent, has been from the beginning a passionate enemy of Nazism. She warned against the danger of Hitlerism to America and to the world when most others were still indifferent to the threat. This article was inspired by "Our Government's Plan for Postwar Germany" by Kingsbury Smith in the April issue.

engaged. Modern wars are between peoples, their armies drawn by mass levees, every worker and farmer with the industries to which he is attached integrated in the war plan, in a transformation which embraces everybody. The war is between all of one people against all of another.

No matter what the original issues of the war may be, the *fact* that peoples are fighting peoples produces its own logic. The whole people of the enemy are, in *fact*, the enemy. Defeating the enemy means in *fact* defeating their soldiers, industrialists, scientists, workers, farmers, writers, and even their women and children. The human mind adapts itself readily to this reality.

Before the war the people of the democracies were almost universally of the opinion that Hitler's *coup d'état*, which destroyed popular government, free expression of opinion, and rule by law, was a crime committed by a ruthless minority-conspiracy against the masses of the German people. But as the war proceeds, the German nation, as a nation, becomes the enemy because it is in *fact* the enemy. And the view is advanced that Hitlerism is but another form of a congenital German disease. United Nations propagandists, usually un-

official, are busy compiling against the Germans a veritable Protocol of the Elders of Zion.¹

This mentality of war, shared by the millions of the peoples of nations, is not a mentality in which peace can be constructed. Peace is not Victory. Peace is not the Defeat of the Enemy. Victory and the enemy's defeat are the culmination of war. Peace is the reconstruction that victory allows.

Needed for the reconstruction, which is peace, is not the short-range view of war but the most long-range view of which the mind is capable. What is needed is not partisanship, but an almost disembodied disinterestedness, not passion, but intelligence, not physical heroism, but intellectual courage, not the vision of 1943, but the vision of 1963 at least.

II

There have been very few leaders who were great in war and great in peace. Even Washington, who wisely did not choose to run for a third term, could not have averted the period of chaotic senselessness

¹ See the pamphlet of War Writers' Board members, *Would You Sign This Letter?*, which, by taking historical facts and statements out of their contexts and out of historical time, produces what is tantamount to a preposterous forgery. — D. T.

that followed the revolutionary war. Lincoln, through the entire Civil War, retained the somber balance and tragic humanism expressed in the Second Inaugural address. But the "peace" began with his assassination — and what a peace!

In all countries after the wars of the last century there was a conviction, usually held by the officers of victorious armies, that the statesmen "lost what the generals won." The European allies, after defeating Napoleon, were accused of leaving France as strong as ever. But France never afterward engaged in a vast military adventure. Security, not conquest, became her watchword.

Bismarck, who as Chancellor of Prussia made three wars for the establishment of what he considered safe frontiers for a new German Reich, was in constant hot water with his King, his generals, and popular opinion, because he did not keep and consolidate all his gains. After the war against Austria, fought for *excluding* from the Reich that Habsburg-ruled nation of mixed peoples, he did not even march into Vienna. He left his enemy intact and withdrew his troops from Bohemia (Czech Austria) which he had conquered. His ambition was to make an alliance

with his recently defeated enemy, and he succeeded.

But the popular clamor against this policy was so great that when, in 1871, he defeated France, in what from the German viewpoint was a preventive war to break up a rapidly growing continental alliance against the Reich under Napoleon III, Bismarck was forced by his generals to annex Alsace and Lorraine. In his personal diary he remarks that the claim that the provinces were German because inhabited in part by German-speaking people is nonsense that "could only be born in the head of a professor." That race and language should necessarily be contiguous with the frontiers of a strong state was never acceptable to that first-rate mind. The mistake, forced upon him by his warriors, and the public who adored them, bore bitter fruits from that day to this.

Today, however, every human being has the feeling that he is a direct participant in the war and has the right to his victory. And there is not the slightest indication that the peoples, thinking, or rather reacting emotionally, under the passions and propagandas of war, are more far-sighted or just than the political leaders. On the contrary, political leaders are pushed by their peoples. After the

Civil War it was not the responsible statesmen nor even the generals, who led the North into that policy of revenge against and "reform" of the South which was to poison generations, but the northern masses agitated by their most impassioned demagogues.

I do not think anyone doubts my feelings about Nazism. The rape and loot of nations and persons by the Nazis has no parallel in any modern history. If justice be an "eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" and if statesmanship be this sort of justice; if silence and passive acceptance by large masses of the German people themselves under Gestapo rule, constitute collusion; then there is no fate for the German nation that is not deserved.

Few persons stop to ask themselves, however, how, throughout history, nations have been capable of behaving, especially in time of war and revolution. It is not a pretty story, and it is a story which exonerates no nation. Few distinguish between "the nation," as normal, and the nation behaving under certain leadership and circumstances.

In the case of Germany retribution against personalities responsible for outrages is one question; that retribution will occur in the nature of events — and it is to be

hoped that no uniform, when the time comes, will protect them. But retribution is not the function of statesmanship. And I doubt whether plans now reputedly crystallizing in allied foreign offices for dealing with defeated Germany are based upon an accurate reading of history or of folk psychology. These plans seem to me to offer no hope of permanent peace.

III

One such compilation of "plans" was set forth by Kingsbury Smith in the April number of the AMERICAN MERCURY, under the title "Our Government's Plan for Post-War Germany." Mr. Smith attributes this plan to our "official planners," which can only mean the White House and/or the State Department, and/or the Navy and War Departments. I shall not accept what he has projected as official. There is not yet a crystallized and immutable policy. Nevertheless, Mr. Smith's summary does, I think, represent views widely held in official and unofficial quarters. In this article, I shall deal with that "plan," calling it, not "Our Government's," but "Plan X."

Mr. Smith reports that if this plan is to work, the United States government will need the over-

whelming support of public opinion. Otherwise "it will collapse and Germany will become a prey to the vengeance-seeking peoples of Europe, and the seeds of the third world war will be sown." This indicates that the plan is conceived of as a humane solution, in the interests of Germany, as well as the rest of Europe.

We do not, of course, thoroughly know the state of mind of the peoples of Europe toward Germany or towards ourselves. If we did, all our problems would be easier. We know the state of mind of governments-in-exile, and of small groups with whom we have contact. It is probable that the European state of mind is nothing static. It is possible that if the war is drawn out for a considerable time, what will confront us is the almost complete absence of any state of mind at all, not even one eager for vengeance. We may find that the dominant state of mind is consciousness of gnawing hunger, torpid despair, wracked nerves giving rise to hallucinations of all kinds, and an abjection willing to accept anything if it only means the end of bombings, and the distribution of food.

We may find, on the other hand, that violence has bred violence, that despair takes an anarchic turn, in the desire to overthrow the en-

tire historic order of affairs. Or we may find that the unification of Europe accomplished by the Nazis for their own ends has struck deeper roots in the minds of the European people than we think.

But one thing, I think, will be certain in the long run if not in the short. No cataclysm such as that suffered by Europe can result in a return to the prewar *status quo* nor will it be possible, for long, to suppress or divert historical trends that have shown the utmost stubbornness and vitality.

The national freedom movements will all resist the establishment of any hegemony over Europe, be it German, Russian, or Anglo-American, while the urge of necessity will be toward greater continental unity, through federation; and the social revolution, which has been gathering for many years previous to the war, will resist the return of the economic hegemony of the industrial-capitalists. There will be a demand for a non-totalitarian system of centralized planning and social security, within each country and between them. The leaders who base their appeal on these historic trends will eventually secure the support of the peoples of Europe. The only way in which we can determine what the state of mind of

any people may be is by discerning what forces have displayed the greatest vitality during the past quarter century. Any postwar system which does not take account of these trends, any "solution" which is reactionary, will not survive for long.

National Socialism has failed because it is national only for the Germans, and its socialism a grotesque fraud.

It is in these frames of reference that we must judge Plan X for a defeated Germany. This plan proposes:

Total disarmament of the German nation; swift punishment of its war criminals; drastic dismemberment of the country as a single powerful industrial and political unit; temporary restriction of its economic life to the minimum required for subsistence.

The German *individual*, however, is to be treated on the basis of equality, "providing he demonstrates his willingness and ability to live at peace with other *nations*." (This is gibberish. The German "individual," like every other individual, has no means of living otherwise than at peace with *nations*.)

Allied forces, it provides, will occupy Germany, under the terms of unconditional surrender and will establish a military government "to preserve law and order." Later

"a supreme allied military and civil government will take over" through "a select group of army officers from the various government departments" who are "being trained to act as civil affairs officers in the military government." "These American *Gauleiters* are being prepared at the United States Army School of Military Government at Charlottesville, Virginia." Their four-months course of training, we are told, include "the laws, customs, economy and psychology of the German people."

This military government with its *Gauleiters* will "make a quick, round-up trial of war criminals," to "head off civil war, especially in conquered territories. . . . Hitler (if caught) will be tried before a United Nations war tribunal. . . . All Nazi officials will be removed from office." And gradually freedom of speech and press will be restored. But for a while "all mediums of expression will be strictly controlled." The German army will be disarmed, but not all soldiers demobilized, for discharged soldiers are "revolutionary," and "revolution is the one thing the American planners feel must be avoided in Germany." Industries left intact will be operated under strict United Nations control. Relief measures will be "limited to

the minimum required to head off Revolution."

Germany must be drastically decentralized, breaking the country into separate states or regions, in order "to find a solution for the militarism of Germany." "Most of the good that has come out of Germany, such as its literary and musical culture developed when that country was not practising nationalism." Hence we must "prohibit the existence of parties based on extreme nationalism." "Disobedience will bring forth drastic military and economic sanctions." An International Education Commission will draft a program of world history for German schools to "prevent German children from being given a distorted version of world events."

IV

Nietzsche once said, "If you gaze too long into the abyss, the abyss gazes into you." In the case of this plan the abyss is staring into our eyes. For what it proposes is to reverse the Nazi program for the occupied countries, with allied armies in the position, in Germany, of the Nazi armies in the occupied countries.

We are to destroy the German state and nation by disintegrating

it; partially demobilize the German industries or take control of them; disarm the country entirely; introduce our ideology into the schools; throw out the present officials and put in our own; and, finally, when they are all docile, and there is no more German nationalism, allow them freedom again.

It must be apparent that this plan is not a peace-plan at all, but a plan for the continuation of the war against Germany, after she has unconditionally surrendered. If Dr. Goebbels is looking for new propaganda material, to steel the German people for the most ferocious war effort, he will have found it in this published plan.

Were it attempted it would fail, for the same reasons that the Nazi occupation of Europe has failed. It would mobilize every vital element in Germany against us; it would start a new German nationalism of extreme virulence; its political and economic repercussions upon the whole of Europe would be disastrous, and it would lead eventually to a drastic all-European revolution.

I have been told by government officials that Stalin supports some such plan, that he insists, for instance, on the dismemberment of Germany. His public statements do not support this. He has said:

It is not our aim to destroy Germany for it is impossible to destroy Germany, but the Hitlerite State can and should be destroyed. . . . It is not our aim to destroy all military force in Germany. But Hitler's army can and should be destroyed.

Stalin has had a Marxist and revolutionary training. He knows exactly what the results of such a program as the one reported by Kingsbury Smith would be. The bolshevization of Germany might easily grow out of the chaos created by such a plan, for the destruction of any central authority offers opportunities to small but solid minority groups; our troops might be engaged in putting it down and we should either have to retreat in the most abject ignominy, or we would be engaged in a new war.

The carrying out of this plan would make us, furthermore, the enemies not only of Germany, but of *all* Europe. For it would rock the European economic structure; render all Europe defenseless; and cut into the very heart of the continent, balkanizing it disastrously. We should then find ourselves involved in a situation which we could neither perpetuate nor liquidate.

If Stalin encourages us in this direction, he is really Machiavellian. But we are not compelled, in any case, to make fools of ourselves.

V

The plan is based upon a mis-reading of folk psychology.

Did Germany revert, after the last war, to a new militarism because she was left with a strong army or because she was unilaterally disarmed in a Europe of armed nations?

After the last war the German army was reduced to a police force of a hundred thousand men, and the terms of enlistment were designed to destroy the structure of the Reichswehr. The new army was attractive to few after defeat. The leading political party, the Social Democrats, were so pacifist that they discouraged enlistment from their own ranks. The result was that the new army of the Republic was forced to draw upon the national and anti-democratic elements, since they alone would enlist. This was exactly what the General Staff wanted, and out of this nucleus they created the most modern aggressive force of the century.

Militarism and extreme nationalism grew out of repeated German democratic failures to obtain for Germany an equal place in European councils. Germany was disarmed but Europe was not. Eventually Poland had a larger army

than Germany. German democratic leaders called for European disarmament, but all disarmament conferences foundered. Germany was barred from the League of Nations until 1925. Finally, in a chaotic economic period, Hitler's plan for rearmament met such popular response as it did, largely because of this condition of affairs. Because we are at war with Germany we are not entitled to rewrite the history of the last twenty-five years to suit ourselves, and if we do, how are we to persuade the German people that we are freeing their history from "distortions"?

When this war ends, all of Europe will have been disarmed — by Germany. Only a negligible part of it will have been re-armed by us. The disarmament of Germany will therefore complete the disarmament of Europe. On what, then, is Europe as a whole to base her trust in security? On two non-European forces, and one hardly European force? On simple faith that Britain, Russia, the United States and the persons ruling them have nothing at heart but European interests? On confidence that none of them, ever, will become aggressors? If one hopes to create this faith in the German people, and eventually in all the European peoples, we will not only have to

rewrite history; we will have to abolish its teaching altogether. For there is nothing in history to justify such assumptions.

Will the Russians disarm after the war? I do not believe it. Will we disarm — or Britain? If the whole world were totally disarmed, except for the weapons a man can carry on his shoulder, and if all countries, victors and vanquished alike, were to subject their disarmament to international control, we could create the greatest joy and relief imaginable, in all peoples. But that is a counsel of perfection.

The reader will ask: Would you actually leave Germany an army unless all the world disarms? No. But neither would I leave Germany or any part of Europe defenseless except for allied troops. The psychological result of that would be, I am sure, to start another virulent underground nationalism.

An army is nothing but an instrument, for one policy or another. The soldier is a man trained to discipline and obedience to his commanders. The problem is to turn the German soldier as soon as possible from being an instrument for enforcing German domination upon Europe, into an instrument for protecting a free Europe with liberty and justice for all.

Mr. Churchill has proposed the

formation of a Council of Europe, to be associated eventually with Britain, Russia, China, and the Americas, as a regional part of a gradually emerging world organization. No such Council of Europe will fulfill the description in its name without Germany. Germany, as of 1933, constituted about a fifth of the population of Europe exclusive of Russia, and represented almost half of that Europe where technology, commerce, industry, education and popular culture had reached a high degree of development. A council of Europe excluding Germany would be a rump Council: a European Vichy.

A Council of Europe will have little authority unless it possesses the means of defense. That could be obtained, either by the establishment of a joint command between various European national armies or by the establishment of a Council army. If the former were done, and Germany disarmed, she would lie helpless between two armed powers. The sense of inferiority would, in a generation, lead to another Hitler, who represents the over-compensation in arrogance of a nation frustrated by defeat and depression.

No new generation in any nation will take upon itself the guilt of its fathers. The German child of today

is not going to feel that an inferior political status is justly imposed upon him because his fathers killed hostages throughout Europe. No fresh generation with any political freedom at all, which wills to throw off its chains, but will find the means to attempt to do so. A Germany outside the Council of Europe would be a constant potential menace, and the Council would inevitably tend to become an alliance permanently directed at keeping down this menace, with some discontented or ambitious members eventually bidding for it, and even encouraging its revival and rearmament.

Therefore, the object of our statesmanship should be to help call into creation a new Germany which will take its place in the Council and be charged with participation in the defense and reconstruction of the new Europe. The present German army must be disbanded, but a new force called into being, as an instrument for collaboration in the protection of the new Europe. The danger that this force might be the nucleus of a new nationalist aggression can be removed by the form of its integration. A European High Command should never allow any single nation to have a preponderant influence or power.

Obedience and discipline to authority are historic German characteristics, and are conspicuous in the German armed forces. German soldiers drawn from the people can be used to defend the New Europe; their existence would be a living example that Hitlerism is really defeated, and defeated for the creation of new life. Germany would lose her nationalist militarism in order to gain a new and prideful rôle. Germans would be disarmed as an instrument of national aggression and armed as an instrument of European defense, against all aggressors, from whatever quarter.

But this will only be possible if a genuine peoples' government is created in Germany, excluding and punishing the Nazi and reactionary forces. That government can only be created by the German people themselves and *will* only create *itself* if it has a vital prospect of equality.

VI

The concept that an allied occupying force can control the internal administration of Germany, direct the decentralization of its industries and readjustment of its economic life, try its war criminals, head off revolution, restore — while

controlling — freedom of speech and press, dismember the German state, and re-educate the German people, all through *Gauleiters* trained for four months by the American Army, is absurd.

Presumably this occupying force will be composed of Russian, British, and American troops under some form of joint command. Will there be no differences between them regarding what German administrators should be left in power, or what personalities should replace them? Will they agree, as they could be counted upon to agree in, say, North Africa? Actually, the only thing that such a joint occupying force could agree upon would be the maintenance of law and order — seeing that the trains ran on time; that people were fed; that looting and local *coups de main* were suppressed; and that the economy was not allowed to disintegrate into starving and workless mobs.

This last will be the crux of the European economic problem. Today the German economy is the integrating force of the entire European economy. The decentralization of industry has already taken place to a large degree. Germany has moved her industries into occupied countries and into former agricultural eastern areas of the

Reich. She has taken into her hand the majority shares of practically the whole European heavy industry, in one of the greatest expropriations ever known in history. Obviously the ownership of this vast European plant must be retransferred to the states in which they are situated, leaving it to them to determine where the equity shall eventually be placed.

It has been suggested in some quarters that a majority of the shares of stock in heavy industries indubitably German should be transferred to Anglo-American hands as a control against rearmament. But to what Anglo-American hands? To our government's? To British or American industries? It is probable that through that grapevine between great international industries, which exists even in time of war, German capitalists are already trying to transfer titles to English or American firms. In 1919, before the German and French people and governments would even shake hands, French and German industrialists were fixing things up between themselves.

But just what will such goings on do to support the Goebbels propaganda about the "pluto-democracies"? Nazi looters, like Goering, who has made a huge fortune out of Nazism, must certainly be ex-

propriated, but who will be their heirs? One can only give such holdings to a reconstructed German state, integrated with a European and world order of freedom. If this is not done the German workers will seize the plants. Will the Anglo-American and Russian occupying authorities then fire on the German workers, and suppress "revolution"?

We are determined, according to Mr. Smith's report, that there shall be no revolution in Germany. The German masses, such as the demobilized soldiers, are not going to be allowed to rise against Hitler and his gang. We are going to attend to the gentlemen ourselves, and suppress both the Nazis and those who might rise in fury against them.

This could easily be the means of creating for future German generations the legend of a German Joan of Arc, the patriot who was done to death by the foreigner. Or, if accompanied by suppression of a people's rising, our forces might enter the German folklore as those who "liquidated" a peoples' revolution only to take over Hitler's rôle.

The fate of the Nazi criminals in occupied countries should be left to the governments and courts of the occupied countries. Their people have been victims, not we. The fate of the Nazis in Germany

should be left to the Germans, with or without revolution. There should be the least possible interference in the political affairs of Germany, for every failure in whatever evolves will otherwise be laid at our door, and the German people will wash their hands of every responsibility. We should hold out hopes for full participation in a new European and world order of freedom, economic planning, and social security, to any German State based on a representative system and an impartial law, which having itself thoroughly liquidated Nazism, is prepared to enter such an order with adequate guarantees.

The idea of de-industrializing Germany confronts us with the problem of what to do with the German industrial workers. They will be the backbone of anti-Hitlerism in Germany. But they will not be for any democratic order that starts by starving them. Industry is not just capital and plant. It is people. Three-quarters of the German population are directly tied up with industry. Shall we throw twenty million men out of work? Shall they emigrate? Where? To us?

German industry must be put into the service of European and Russian reconstruction, to rebuild what has been destroyed, and put

into that service *immediately*. It must be made to serve the peoples of Germany and Europe. If it is not, Hitler's rule will live in German memory as a golden age; our occupation as the rule of the vandals; and all Europe will suffer.

The idea that "it is intended to draw a distinction between Germany as a state, and as a people," is hypocrisy. The German state is the organization controlling the peoples' life. A people without a state are incapable of life in the modern world. To destroy the German state is to destroy the German people.

The actual proposal, however, is to destroy the single German state by dismembering it into numerous political authorities — to put the clock back to the pre-Bismarck days, when Germany was a "Bund" of independent principalities. The justification given is that German culture flourished best in that pre-Bismarck epoch. That is just as pertinent as saying that culture flourished best under the Renaissance, or that people were happier before the age of machines. The establishment of Germany as a national state developed out of every popular trend in German life since 1800. The trend of modern history and life is toward larger unities.

The old Bund was an agglomera-

tion of principalities. Dynastic interests kept the Germans separated. Are we going to restore all the old royal houses, who alone would have an interest in such a plan? Who is going to undertake this job of dismembering Germany? Obviously the new states would have to have governments; would have to rest on some popular foundations. Do such foundations exist?

Before Hitler, German political life was broken into many parties, representing nearly every conceivable grouping of classes and interests. Though destroyed as parties, the interests and viewpoints that created them remain. Which of such natural groups would undertake the partition of Germany? The communists? Yes, if Moscow told them to. The Social Democrats? Never. German and even all-European unity has been their dream and program, on paper at least. The Democrats? They never would dream of such a thing. The Centrum, or Catholic Party? It might split, with the most reactionary wing supporting a movement for the establishing of a strong Catholic State to include Austria and the Southern Germans. But most Catholic leaders would oppose them bitterly. The German nationalists? Obviously not.

Certainly one could find some

leaders of old particularist parties, moribund even before Hitler, who might grasp for power with the aid of American bayonets, but we would have to keep the bayonets on hand. They would be reactionaries or, possibly, communists and would be regarded by the masses of the people as quislings and traitors. They would be knived and shot at in dark alleys. And then we would have to find ways of maintaining our hated puppets and our unpopular authority.

The first use that would be made of free speech in Germany would be to cry for German re-unification. The opposition to dismemberment would be from liberal, progressive elements. They would seek to get power in the various states for the purpose of re-uniting them. We might, of course, end up with a Union of Socialist and Soviet German Republics, under a central party authority. Our hate-mongers seem hell-bent on bringing something of this kind to pass.

VII

As for the re-education of the German people — just what constitutes the education of a nation?

A nation is educated by its history, and by its experience. If Defeat ruins Germany, the German

people will not blame the Nazi war, they will blame our victory.

The only power that will produce a re-orientation of the German mind will be the historical events, and the only situation in which a changed state of mind can be maintained after the catastrophe is one of social and political security. The only thing that will make the Germans "good," is their integration into a new "good" European society. Whether the German people after the war will orient themselves toward a new nationalism, toward the western democracies, or toward Russia, will depend, not upon what they read in their history books, but upon what they live in their corporate lives.

If they are dismembered, de-industrialized, subjected to foreign rule and foreign "education," they will not become "better," they will become worse. If, on the other hand, our occupying forces assure order; if their factories are kept going; if their children are fed; if every democratic and orderly tendency is encouraged; if they feel welcome awaiting them into a community, which is going places — re-building, reconstructing, and evolving around the theme and motive of the general welfare of Europe and the world; if their en-

ergies are turned toward uplifting material life and cultural development; if such a program offers them, as a state and as individuals, the greatest opportunities for happiness and security, they will go with us in that direction.

There are no "good" and "bad" nations. In all nations there are good people and bad people, good people who seek power and Satanic people who seek power. Between the actively good and the actively bad are the majority of the politically indifferent or confused, who become good, or bad, collectively, according to the leadership and direction of the nation.

A plan such as the one reported by Mr. Smith will never attract the "good" Germans. It will attract another lot of bad Germans — very bad ones, who would connive at the destruction of their nation for reasons of personal ambition or fanatic partisanship. Only the good attracts the good; only intelligence attracts the intelligent; only freedom attracts the free; only justice attracts the just.

You cannot punish a nation as though it were a person. You cannot do so because a nation is a *continuity in time and space*; the nation punished today causes suffering to a generation yet unborn; the nation wounded plagues all others;

the nation treated unequally breeds spreading inequalities.

We need a few philosophers of history in our war and peace discussions; men who have derived from knowledge, compassion for the endless martyrdom of Man, and wisdom to avert some of the follies and stupidities, which throughout the ages have contributed to that martyrdom. Victory is not peace.

The defeat of the enemy is not peace. Peace is the construction of

an order of society which satisfies human needs, provides constructive outlets for human energies, uses the instruments of man for his welfare and security, protects him, through political institutions, from those who would use him for the aggrandizement of their own ambitions, and gives to him the breath of life and freedom.

Peace is organic harmony. Its makers have been called the Children of God.



"Who said 'Tally ho!'?"

► *F. D. R. prepares for the toughest political fight of his career.*

ROOSEVELT'S FOURTH TERM STRATEGY

BY CHARLES HURD

THERE is no longer any doubt in Washington that President Roosevelt will run for a fourth term. His political staff has begun to lay the plans and the President has begun to re-form his lines for what he expects to be the hardest and closest race of his career. His friends defend the mixing of shrewd political moves with the conduct of the war.

If the fighting is still under way, they argue, his re-election will itself become a vital war measure to assure victory for the United Nations. The country will be asked to "see the war through with your Commander-in-Chief."

The broad outlines of Mr. Roosevelt's strategy are now visible.

The most sensational detail of the battle plan is that Vice-President Henry A. Wallace will be dropped from the fourth-term ticket. It is believed that the political general staff, with Harry Hopkins in command, has con-

vinced the President that he should not carry deadweight into a knock-down-drag-out fight such as 1944 seems certain to become. Wallace is not a vote-getter. He can add to the ticket no strength which Roosevelt does not already command.

The best bet for the spot now occupied by Wallace is a dark horse, Chester C. Davis, the new food administrator. Davis has most of the qualities which Wallace lacks. Like Wallace he is an Iowan, but unlike Wallace he wields great influence with the powerful farm organizations which must be wooed if the fourth-term ticket is to have a real chance in the Midwest.

Indeed, Davis seems to the New Deal strategists almost too good to be true. A veteran farm lobbyist and, more recently, head of the St. Louis branch of the Federal Reserve Bank, he is not in the slightest smeared with the Leftist brush. He looks a little like a business man, a little like a conserva-

CHARLES HURD is one of the best-known Washington correspondents. He has been writing on politics for newspapers and magazines since 1929, and formerly was on the New York Times.

tive, and a great deal like the Professional Farmers' Friend that he is.

From his own point of view the President is left little choice when he considers the fourth term race. He knows, as even the most rabid Democrats can agree, that without him at the head of the ticket a Republican victory is assured. Neither in peace nor war has the New Deal developed any heirs apparent. The President either must strike out for the fourth term and fight his hardest fight, or else he must accept the inevitability of the end of the New Deal and a GOP reorganization.

Even if the President wished to retire — and there has been no indication that he does — the decision is virtually out of his hands. The vast array of his camp followers, knowing that they are out on their collective ears when the President goes either by defeat or retirement, are capable of generating an enormous pressure.

There are only two developments, both highly unlikely, which could disrupt the fourth term plans. Those who are closest to the President have always contended that he would never risk defeat; that his acknowledged political intuition would warn him of defeat and he would retire rather than risk it. These are the commonest words

around Washington: "If the President thinks he might lose, you can depend on his announcing his retirement."

It is probably true that the President would retire if he reached any such conclusion. But he believes he can still win. He believes that during the next twelve months he can both prosecute the war and make the moves which will fill his hand again. Time will tell whether his judgment has been dulled by twelve years of success and yes-men, or whether it is as reliable as ever.

The second development which might change the plans revolves around Big Jim Farley. At present Farley is far out of the fold. He has made a pilgrimage to Uvalde, Texas, for a cracker-barrel chat with Jack Garner. There are some who believe that Farley could assure a Republican victory in 1944 if he chose to oppose the President openly as he did in the 1942 New York elections. Suppose Farley went to the President in January 1944, and told him straight across the table that he would support the Republican ticket if there was a fourth term attempt? There are observers very close to Farley who believe he is ready to go to such an extreme. If he did, would the President ignore the threat, leaving Farley, and

perhaps Garner, to do their worst, or would the President decide to retire?

These are intriguing situations to contemplate, but politics being politics, it seems logical to predict that the President and his general staff will be able to lure most of the recalcitrant party leaders back into the fold, and that they will at least be able to prevent an open break with the affable Jim. Despite the vigor with which Farley partisans express themselves on the fourth term, it is best to remember that in politics there are few irreconcilable breaks.

Farley himself is making no statements. Other party leaders who have been critical of the administration are expected to begin toning down their remarks and gradually crawl back on the New Deal train during the next few months. The hard choice for them is a chance to retain patronage with Roosevelt versus no chance at all without him.

II

A brief analysis of the President's support reveals the problems and indicates the probable moves of his political high command. The groups which have swelled the Roosevelt majorities in the past are:

the South, the unemployed, the Negroes, the small business men, the big city machines, labor and the farmers. In 1932 the President had clear majorities in all these groups; in 1936 the majorities were even larger. By 1940 small business men and the farmers had swung back to a 50-50 division, and in the 1942 elections their disaffection continued.

What is the situation now in these decisive groups? The South has drifted steadily away from the President in part because of Mrs. Roosevelt and the mythical "Eleanor Clubs" among the Negroes. But the President has begun to make the indicated moves. His choice of the South for an Army camp tour was not entirely accidental. While patting the professional Negro leaders on the back with his left hand, he pushed his right hand into the War Manpower Commission and squelched the Fair Practices Committee which had irritated Southern leaders with its activities toward breaking down segregation practices in war plants.

The unemployed, who formed a New Deal bulwark when Hopkins was "spending and electing" as head of WPA, have disappeared as a pressure group. The idea that they still remain grateful and loyal to the New Deal is probably ro-

mantic. Strange things happen to those who have found the security of jobs after a long ordeal of joblessness: witness how even ham-and-egggers in California, under the influence of wartime prosperity, helped to turn out the New Deal administration in favor of a Republican.

The Negroes are restless and unhappy over the very moves which the President has made to placate the South. It seems likely that their vote will be badly split in 1944. Both Bricker and Willkie have strong personal following among the Negroes.

The scrapping of Leon Henderson and the appointment of Prentiss Brown to head OPA was a deliberate effort to make OPA's restrictions and questionnaires more palatable to small business operators. There will be more efforts to sugarcoat the rationing pill.

Brown is important to the President also for another reason. Though defeated last year for re-election to the Senate, he is popular in his state of Michigan despite the fact that he was outvoted. And Michigan will be crucial in 1944. Politicians believe that no man can win the Presidency if he loses the "triangle" of Michigan, Indiana and Ohio. In 1940 Roosevelt lost Michigan. He lost it again in effect

in 1942 when his party ticket was defeated. Roosevelt lost Indiana, Willkie's state, in 1940. He carried Ohio in 1940, but it is not a certainty for 1944. Governor Bricker of Ohio may or may not be nominated, but his early start may swing the state to the Republicans whoever their standard bearer may be. The Presidential build-up for Prentiss Brown must therefore be regarded as part of the fourth term strategy, a maneuver in the fight for the "triangle."

The big city machines have suffered from the loss of relief patronage. The Hague machine, a Roosevelt bulwark, is being whipsawed by Governor Charles Edison of New Jersey, and its influence in the 1942 state elections was less than at any time since Boss Hague became dictator of Jersey City. However, the President has never wavered in his faithfulness to Hague. The Kelly-Nash machine in Chicago had its tightest squeeze in ten years in the last election. The President must make moves to help these machines, since the Republicans have been concentrating on building up state machines and now control nearly two-thirds of the populous states.

The labor situation seems to be in for a special treatment by the fourth-term general staff. Since

John L. Lewis hates the President with a blinding passion, he has been written off, and the strategy is to help make Lewis as hateful as possible to as many people as possible; in short, to try to capitalize on his opposition. In this move the President seems to have the unintentional cooperation of Lewis himself.

The President has always used the sword of class differences to lure his labor support, and he can be expected to sharpen the old sword before 1944. The Presidential order limiting salaries to \$25,000 was a move in this direction. When Congress over-rode his decree, Roosevelt actually strengthened his hand by recommending legislation to place this limit for the duration on all incomes. From the angle of a class appeal to labor, the demand serves the President as well as the deed. It is in the best Roosevelt style of what his detractors call class-war strategy, reminiscent of the denunciation of "tories" a few years ago.

The New Deal ace-in-the-hole with labor, however, is the cradle-to-the-grave security program submitted by the National Resources Planning Board. The Board's report was ready many months ago, but it was held up deliberately so that it could be timed for political

effect. The plan has little appeal to self-reliant farmers; it makes its fullest appeal to labor. It represents the projected extension of the New Deal into postwar planning. It reflects the philosophy of the Palace Guard. It is cut from the same cloth as the state socialism preached by Harold Laski, a Britisher and former Harvard professor who is now in England acting as spokesman for the left wing of the British Labor Party.

The NRPB program was largely the work of Dr. Evaline M. Burns, director of research for the Board. She recently foreswore her British nativity to become a citizen of the United States. She studied under Laski at the London School of Economics and is a close associate of David K. Niles, who lives at the White House and is to be one of the architects of the fourth term blueprint. In 1932 Mrs. Burns wrote a pamphlet entitled *Socialist Planning and a Socialist Program* from which excerpts have been read into the *Congressional Record*. One excerpt reads:

The socialist state will have to devise some means of coercing labor where necessary to make labor do what the socialist state wants.

At the proper time Hopkins, Niles and their associates will resuscitate the cradle-to-grave program,

and the President will probably use it as his main argument to labor.

Davis, as mentioned above, is to be called upon to bring the farm vote back into line. He is not a log-cabin product, but he is a reasonable facsimile. He was orphaned in his youth, one of six children of an Iowa farmer. He won a Phi Beta Kappa key at Grinnell College while earning his way by washing windows, mopping floors, waiting on tables, and servicing a laundry route. Before he was graduated, however, he had become a newspaper reporter.

His first professional farm job was as editor of a farm journal in Montana, and he shortly became Commissioner of Labor and Agriculture in that state. A great mixer, he won the admiration of Wallace's father, old H. C., Secretary of Agriculture under Harding. Wallace the Elder brought Davis to Washington to serve as liaison man between Congress and the Department of Agriculture during the drafting of the McNary-Haugen farm-relief act. Davis liked the Washington atmosphere and stayed on to become the top farm lobbyist.

When the New Deal arrived, Davis was settled comfortably as vice-president of a couple of agricultural companies and as a farm

"legislative agent." When the AAA was formed, Davis joined it as director of the production division. He advanced to the head of AAA in December, 1933, and also became director of the Commodity Credit Corporation and a trustee of the Export-Import Bank. In 1936 he became the agricultural member among the Governors of the Federal Reserve System, and two years ago he left Washington to accept the highly paid job of president of the Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis.

Six years of banking service may have insulated Davis against the criticisms of New Deal policy that caused the defections in agriculture in 1940 and '42. Also Davis is palatable to many outright anti-New Dealers because of his handling of some of the better known left-wing theorists. He put Jerome Frank out of AAA in 1935, and he was openly contemptuous of Dr. Rexford Guy Tugwell.

Davis as a Vice-Presidential candidate may prove the smartest Roosevelt move in 1944.

III

It used to be said that the New Deal was run by political amateurs. If that were ever true, it is false now. The President's political dep-

uties know their trade. They have little more to learn about the science and art of using the paternalistic and money power of government to mend political fences.

Most prominent among these Presidential deputies, of course, is Harry Hopkins. He is in every sense Mr. Roosevelt's personal chief of staff, the same informal, shrewd fellow who weathered the storms of the WPA — but a broader and more informed man since he chatted with Churchill in London and Stalin in Moscow, sat in on high strategy with the Combined Chiefs of Staff here, and visited Casablanca with his chief. There are those who insist that Hopkins is a country boy who got a break because the President and Mrs. Roosevelt liked him. But it is time that Hopkins was accorded the recognition that he is where he is because of unusual political acumen. He is no amateur. He was no amateur when, unknown, he arrived in Washington. And he has held the post of court favorite longer than anyone else since the Roosevelts moved into the White House.

Justice Frankfurter is not so close to the President, but his mind is keener than most. He is a past master at judging in advance events in relationship to their results. He is credited with being one

of the best informed men in Washington on political developments, if only because he has so many of his favorite law students installed at strategic points for seeing things and reporting things.

Postmaster General Walker is the practical politician of the general staff group — not the inspired but the digging type. He likes politics and learned a lot from James A. Farley.

The new face in the fourth-term high command is that of David K. Niles, relatively unknown to most persons, reputedly extreme left-wing in orientation, introduced into the inner White House circle by Hopkins. Niles went to Washington from Boston, where for many years he directed the Ford Hall Forum. A disciple of the Laski school of economics, he is now regarded as Hopkins' most confidential lieutenant and therefore powerful also among the President's lieutenants.

Decidedly small-bore as a politician and without any personal following whatsoever, the Boston man's significance may be in his economic coloration. The emergence of such a man on the White House scene coincident with the writing and release of the cradle-to-grave program raises the question — in Democratic as well as Republican

circles — whether the fourth-term strategy may not be double-barrelled. Outwardly it is today one of open compromise with dissatisfied groups. The compromising has already gone far enough to draw howls of dismay from liberals of the collectivist persuasion on the one hand, and on the other, hints from some conservative elements that perhaps, after all, “you can do business with the New Deal.” The suspicion voiced is that the fourth term planners are preparing to ride two horses — one headed toward private enterprise and the other toward some variant of state socialism. More daring tricks are not unfamiliar in the political circus.

One or two familiar types are missing as yet from the President’s fourth-term board of strategy. There is no gifted publicist to take the place of Charles Michaelson, who apparently is out of the picture. More important, there is no organizer with the gifts of a Farley. But whoever comes to the fore as the public strategist, the real leader of the fourth term drive will be the candidate himself. Many persons will organize but FDR will direct. His directions will be as carefully planned as his moves in conducting the war; more carefully planned than his other campaigns.

The elections of 1940 and 1942

showed the President that the Republican Party can muster impressive strength. He knows that the Republicans, in contrast to the New Deal, have a variety of candidates to choose from — Dewey, Bricker, Stassen, Willkie, *et al.* — to match the mood of the country at convention time. But Mr. Roosevelt has no such choices. He has a single personality to offer, one that might be retouched but cannot be basically changed. Neither can he change his political wares; the New Deal pattern is well set and in the long run his program must be more or less consistent with what has been done.

The President must fight along those lines, and is aware that it will not be a walk-over. He will pull new political tricks out of his capacious bag. He will streamline his campaign and shuffle the cast of characters in many ways. The fight will be conducted by a man stripped for action, a confident man. While the issues are debated, it is more than likely that the President will submerge them increasingly beneath a pyrotechnic display of his personality on the one hand and quiet manipulation on the other.

The fourth term, as an issue in itself, does not have the vitality that the third term did. The smashing of the two-term tradition

in 1940 was a profound shock to the country. Even some of the most outspoken partisans of the New Deal were upset. Now that the hurdle has been taken with a third term, the fourth comes as an anticlimax. It is doubtful whether the opposition can whip up as much excitement about the principle involved as it did four years earlier. For the more sober observers of the political picture, indeed, this relative popular complacency on the matter offers the ultimate proof that the two-term tradition expressed a deep political wisdom. After three terms, a fourth seems natural, and thereafter the numer-

ical progression can be extended with ever greater ease.

Postmaster Walker recently swung around the country. His reports and others reaching the White House reveal numerous holes in the fabric of party solidarity as the fourth term showdown comes closer. Despite the war — in a sense because of the war — Mr. Roosevelt and his political mentors are giving time and thought to the job of patching those holes, one by one. The events of the war will necessarily influence the 1944 nominations and election, but war will not necessarily decide the issue. Politics is still politics in democratic America.



German Headquarters, 1943

► *Britons and Americans learn
to understand each other.*

THE CHANGING BRITISH ISLAND

BY HECTOR BOLITHO

IN September 1939 when Mr. Chamberlain said over the wireless, "Consequently we are at war with Germany," we suddenly felt lonely on our island. Those of us who were travelers fell into a kind of claustrophobia. Our sailors, soldiers and pilots would be allowed to venture away from our shores during the conflict. But those of us who were older had to put our passports away and sigh in vain for spring in Transjordan, for plates of tamales in Monterrey and for the dazzling sea of Hollywood at night, seen from Beverly Hills. We settled down to several years of geographical cramp.

For a little time we forgot Mr. Cole Porter and we played our national songs instead: *The Yeoman of England* and *The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond*. Our sea-girt isle became a reality and no longer an

echo in a song. Farmers polished their guns and remembered that we had beaten off invaders since the days of the Danes. Olive oil no longer came from Lucca and oranges were ghosts. A night club hoyden who had been given a banana by a ferry pilot appeared in a restaurant with it tied about her neck. Sardines no longer arrived from Norway, nor cheese from Holland. We ate our last Bismarck herrings, calling them Hitler herrings because their mouths were always open and their brains removed. I think it was the first war joke. Our food became dull. We dug our own earth, like peasants, and we ate what it gave back to us. When an actress in a play mentioned that she had eaten two eggs for breakfast, the line had to be cut because everybody in the audience laughed so much.

HECTOR BOLITHO is one of the most widely-read English biographers. Among his books are *Marie Tempest*, *Albert the Good* and *Victoria the Widow and Her Son*. He has also written three novels. Mr. Bolitho is at present serving with the RAF Voluntary Reserve, with the rank of Squadron Leader, and is assigned as public relations officer in the Air Ministry.

Then strange changes came to relieve our insular tension. The Polish pilots arrived: hundreds of them escaped from the flaming ruins of Warsaw, each one of them weaving an epic across the face of Europe as he made his way to this island. Then Norwegian sailors, tall and fair and guttural in speech. The ribbons of their tilted caps fluttered in the breeze of Whitehall. Then French sailors appeared; short and witty, with bright red pompons on their impudent hats. A French boy of eighteen walked into my office in the Air Ministry one day. He had assembled a gimcrack aircraft in the shelter of a wood near Boulogne and flown it across the channel for the first time in his life. He had the finest eyes I have seen in a human being.

A strange and awful purpose came into our lives. Our island was no longer our own. It was the chosen battleground of the men of Europe who hated Nazism. They all came. Dutchmen, solid-jawed and so clean that they looked as if they had been scrubbed and polished. Then Yugoslav pilots who had rallied around their young King at the moment when Hitler was boasting at the gate.

The face of Britain changed. Even its habits and its soul, for these men brought more than their

anger against Hitler. They brought their languages, their customs and the stream of their energy. They brought their writers and their artists. Polish restaurants flowered over night. Shops put up the sign, *Polish spoken here*. French clubs, Norwegian clubs and Polish officers' messes opened, with our dull English food whipped up by magic into dishes which were no longer English. They made even the Brussels sprouts taste less like the soured Cinderella of the field.

English girls, accustomed to the high-minded apathy of their English men, turned lively eyes over their shoulders at the welcome invaders. There were marriages, but still more romances. And, since blood streams do not stay upon the blessing of the church, many an English family profited from a Polish or French or Dutch grafting. If one allows oneself to be morally lenient and far-sighted, I imagine that the ultimate influences from all this will probably be good.

The combative services also had to absorb the foreigners. Squadrons of the Royal Air Force, once British to the core, had to adapt themselves to the temperament of morose young Poles who sat in silence, remembering their burning homes, but who flew and fired

their guns with such passion that Pilot Officer Thistlewaite found himself wrestling with problems of character he thought existed only in novels, which he never read.

A new race sprang up in England: a race of races. They called themselves Free. There were Free Dutchmen, Frenchmen, Norwegians, Austrians, and Rumanians. There were political differences between our imported warriors, but only one will as far as the war was concerned.

So England changed. There were French, Polish and Dutch newspapers sold in Piccadilly Circus. There was a Polish bookshop opposite Buckingham Palace and it became quite an ordinary sight to see the King of Norway leaping up the steps of a house in Trafalgar Square to join his Norwegian officers at luncheon. Then came the tide of Russia's achievement. English people who had shuddered before the Russian experiment learned to look at Stalin's photograph in the newspapers and say, "You know, it is a face full of character." Our theatres opened with Russian opera and ballet and Tolstoy's *War and Peace* was a best seller.

We became almost a minority in our own land and we learned to say, "My, how cosmopolitan we have become."

Americans who came here during the first two years of the war said that we had changed. They thought that we looked tired and said that we fell asleep in chairs and in trains. They also said that we were kinder and less insular. It seemed a pity that cities had to be bombed and children machinegunned in their playing fields to bring this about. But it was true. One day I traveled through London in an old taxicab, driven by an older Cockney. He took me by a long route and I complained.

"I had to come this way, sir," he said, "because the other way has been bombed." Then he added, "Don't be angry at a time like this. There's enough anger over there without our adding to it." I apologized and went away, ashamed.

It was no preacher's myth. Two years of war had made us gentle. The doorman at one of the big hotels was called to the telephone one day. He was told that his son had been killed. He put down the receiver and went back to the door without speaking. Within a few minutes he was helping an old man with his luggage. Prosperous women in the same hotel carried their spare pieces of sugar to the enquiry desk and gave them to the page boys because, they said, "Children need sugar more than we do."

II

There were some of us who fed upon one dominating hope during the first years of the war. Those of us who had seen the morning mists rise in the canyons of New York, the majestic waves rolling into Santa Barbara and the poinsettias against the white walls of houses beside the Rio Grande knew that our greatest strength was yet to come.

I sustained myself with two memories and one newspaper cutting during those years. The first memory was of some sailors with whom I once traveled on a bus to Detroit. They came on at Toledo, where the lake steamers were tying up for the winter. The sailors had never met an Englishman before. They thought that my voice was "swell" and they grouped themselves around me and asked me to talk about England. They bought me coffee and doughnuts and would not even let me pay for my evening newspaper. "While you are on this bus you are our guest," one of them said. The other memory was of the last moment before I walked on board the *Normandie* to come home. I was paying the New York taxicab driver, holding my hat in the other hand. I was suffering from a bad

cold and I sneezed. The hard-boiled taxicab driver nudged me and said, "Put on your hat. You'll get a worse cold."

The newspaper cutting was one I had found in the *Evening Standard*, in the first weeks of the war. It recalled a remark made by Bismarck. He was asked what was the most important fact in modern history and answered, "The fact that North America speaks English." I cut the little piece from the newspaper and put it in my cigarette case. It has been there for more than three years and I have read it every day. It became the focus of my faith.

The war had made it possible for us to use two words we rather shun in peace time. We talked of *kindness* and of *gratitude*. Those of us who knew America, her majesty and her whims, her virtues and her faults, saw kindness growing into a spiritual bridge between us. I have never believed in the cynicism of the United States. I think it is an affectation. Americans love new ideas and they love covering up their feelings with a few acid prejudices. The fact that the prejudices change so quickly proves their superficiality. I understand this, but many English people don't.

When the first Americans arrived, and I saw the shining leather cap peaks and the jeeps passing

through the streets of London, my own emotions were half mingled with prayers of gratitude. The sailors on the bus had kept faith with me.

London changed again. The jeeps leapt through our ancient streets like crickets. Coca-Cola arrived in Mayfair. Boys from the Middle West drank it, from the bottle, in houses where Disraeli and Palmerston and Melbourne used to drink their sherry wine. The old houses woke up in the morning to demands for wheat cakes and waffles. The English had to learn that putting one cube of ice into a bath jug of warm water does not change it into ice water.

Leicester Square became a babel of tongues: Polish, Czech, French and Norwegian, with a controlling current of harsh-clipped Middle West and stroke-me-with-velvet voices from the South. One came upon English voices in surprise. A cartoonist made a dashing sketch of an Englishman lost in the cosmopolitan horde of Piccadilly: poor, lonely fellow, exiled in his own land. It had a bit of the truth in it.

And what of these Americans who have come? They did not quite understand us at first. They did not like our dry martinis, forgetting that our Noilly Prat had run out long ago. And, naturally

enough, they found our food dull.

Then they found themselves, and us.

There was an American magazine article which tells the story, thus saving me from taking the first step onto delicate ground. Here are three sentences from the article:

Indeed, a new and important thing is happening to America. The boys themselves, facing the real war, are beginning to educate us, beginning to let us in on the secret of what war actually is. Little by little, in interviews and letters home, they are unmasking America, to reveal the courage and the vision that live within us all.

We in Britain are sharing that vision with young America. You have sent us the greatest generation you have yet produced. Somehow, these boys between the ages of twenty and twenty-five seem to be the fulfillment of what America has been aiming at, from the beginning. They are good, in the sense that they are just and patient and kind. War brings us back to one wholesome truth. Spontaneous action is more important than any intellectual process or reflection. Through their spontaneous acts, these young Americans reveal themselves.

Let me resist generalizations and tell a few stories.

Not so long ago, two United States pilots appeared in the bar of the Savoy. They fly Flying Fortresses. They liked London, they said, but they had seen only the luxury hotels. It is not easy to conjure up an impression of our old life now. But I wished to give them one picture to take back with them, when their leave ended. So I telephoned the steward of the Athenaeum Club and arranged for the fire in the drawing-room to be blazing at ten o'clock, and a decanter of port and four glasses to be on the table before it. Paul Manning of the Columbia Broadcasting Corporation joined us and we dined. Then we went to the Athenaeum. Its drawing-room is one of the loveliest rooms in London; big and solemn, with walls of mellow coloured books. We climbed the broad staircase and then we stood before the fire and drank our port. The Flying Fortress pilots were silent. For the first time, they saw the London that is sheltered from the blaze and noise of the big hotels. Next morning, they came separately, to thank me. They brought cigarettes and a can of orange juice. They amplified their thanks with notes when they returned to their station.

An elderly woman whom I know lives near Egham. She has a fine big

house, but rationing and economy have driven her into one corner of it. She walked down her drive the other day and found a jeep at the gate. The two USA soldiers were tinkering with its engine. "Come in and have tea with grandma," she said. They went in and she produced the best from her larder. Three days afterwards, the jeep stopped in front of her gate again. The two soldiers rang her bell and presented her with four oranges.

About a week ago I saw three Americans come from the store from which they draw their extra rations. They walked straight across to Hyde Park and gave their sweets to the children playing there.

Our island is changing. The change that delights me at the moment is the wave of appreciation that flows over the land. Americans appreciating the Briton and his difficulties. The Britons appreciating the strength and vision and graciousness of the pilots and soldiers you have sent here. Perhaps it is possible to hope that greed and jealousy will lose a little of their power when all this is over; and that we may come to a full comprehension of what Bismarck meant when he said that the most important fact in modern history was that we speak the same language.

► *Delay in building sub-destroyers
menaces our European campaigns.*

NOTES ON THE SUBMARINE CRISIS

BY WINSTON CULLMAN

THE Truman Committee at last has told the country the truth about submarines. Twelve million tons of Allied shipping were blasted to the bottom in the last twelve months. Despite all the magic of Henry Kaiser, the subs sank more ships than both Britain and the United States could build. Moreover, the sinkings were highly *selective*: most of the hundreds of ships which went down were loaded with oil, planes, food and munitions for Allied armies.

The Truman report explains the slow development of our air assault against Germany; the failure to open a second front; the expensive delays in North Africa; and the meager supplies which have reached some of the war theatres. It explains why Hitler still believes he can win a stalemate and then a victory. And it explains little things like the tons of mail which never reached the soldiers at the fighting fronts.

The North Atlantic is the highway to all the fronts against Germany, and Hitler is *still* winning in

the North Atlantic. Until we have a victory over the submarines; until we can sink subs faster than Hitler can build them; all our other victories must remain indecisive. The submarine is the one weapon by which the Germans can beat American productive might by dumping it into the sea.

The Truman report is a calculated effort to arouse American public opinion to the dangers of the submarine. The same confused strategy which delayed the development of American air power has also delayed the offensive against the submarine. Public opinion got action on air power to the extent that plane production is proclaimed from Washington rooftops. The U-boat problem, however, has been so insulated by official hush-hush that public opinion has had no chance to affect it. The Truman Committee has ripped off the insulation, and here are supplementary notes on the nature of the submarine crisis.

Few people realize how formidable

ble the modern submarine has become. We still think of it as a *fragile* ship which can protect itself only by hiding and which is "rent asunder" by the explosion of a depth charge anywhere within four hundred yards of it. We suppose that it is vulnerable to all sorts of gunfire, and we imagine that submarine crews are composed of men who prefer excitement to long life.

The truth is that the modern sub is one of the most rugged ships in the water. It can surface and shoot it out with any corvette or armed merchant ship with an excellent chance of sinking its adversary. Even on the surface it is a difficult target. It lies low in the water, its gun crews protected by sponsons, and .50 caliber machine gun fire bounces off of it. A 3-inch cannon is relatively ineffective against a sub, and only 5-inch gunfire can be depended upon to sink it. As for depth bombs, the new sub rolls with the punch. The heaviest depth charge can explode within twenty yards of it without disastrous result. Even in the first world war when the sub was more fragile, it was estimated that 100,000 depth charges were dropped for every submarine destroyed. Today the ratio is conceded to be much higher.

Our sub crews have kept pace with Germany in studying and combatting the effect of the depth charge. Our test crews have taken subs down and recorded the damage done by bomb explosions at distances varying from thirty to four hundred yards. We know that instead of bursting the sub, the nearby depth charge only shatters instruments and fittings within the sub. Thus, a depth charge may put a sub temporarily out of commission, but the crew may be able to repair it quickly. German crews carry all sorts of spare parts and are trained to make hasty repairs. Often when a sub is thought to have been destroyed, it has only been damaged, and its crew will have it back in action within a few hours.

Sub commanders have devised so many tricks that it is well-nigh impossible to be certain that a sub has been destroyed. Oil slicks cannot be trusted, since every sub releases oil to trick its foes. Cork linings and *débris* were taken as a sure sign of a sinking until it was found that German subs are equipped with a pouch of *débris* which they can release at any time. The British Admiralty, knowing these tricks, have become so strict in crediting sinkings that British officers complain that they have to

produce "a piece of the captain's leg" before they can claim a victim.

When the war began our depth charges were set to explode at a maximum depth of 400 feet: the maximum depth at which our subs could operate. We imagined that we had sunk many subs until we discovered that the new German subs were submerging to 600 feet where they were safe from the 400-foot charges we had been dropping.

The new sub has another advantage in speed. Instead of being slow and helpless when caught on the surface, the new sub can surface and run away from either an armed merchant ship or corvette. The only ocean-going surface ships which can "catch" a sub are a destroyer and a cruiser.

But the most effective improvement in the submarine has been in its firing apparatus. Formerly a sub had to have its periscope above the surface before it could fire a torpedo with any degree of accuracy. This meant that it had to have its motors running, and the sound of its motors would be picked up by any destroyer in the vicinity. A destroyer was thus safeguarded against unexpected torpedo attack. The new sub, however, does not have to have its periscope above the surface. It can fire with fair ac-

curacy by its own sonic apparatus, and therefore does not have to have its motors running when attacking. It can lie silently five hundred feet below the surface, checking the approach of a convoy. Then, without moving, it can fire its torpedoes. That is why subs have been able to sink so many warships during this war. The vagaries of the sonic apparatus on destroyers makes sub hunting a vexing job. The apparatus picks up subs, but it also picks up large fish, cold currents, and ledges.

The experience of our own capable sub commanders against the Japs is enabling us to evaluate more correctly our efforts against the Axis subs. Our crews have been tremendously effective against Jap shipping. They have learned how to protect themselves and how to repair their ships. Most of our subs reported as "destroyed" by the Japs have survived. We are consequently forced to the reluctant admission that we, too, have finished off fewer enemy subs than we had hoped and honestly reported. The cold fact is that in sixteen months of warfare against the Japs we have lost only six submarines. Our sub commanders claim that they have the "safest jobs in the Navy." So when Secretary of the Navy Knox announced a year ago

that we had sunk forty-four Axis subs, these commanders tilted their eyebrows and chuckled.

Another misconception which our realistic Navy men are anxious to correct is the one about the Italian subs. Far from being the reluctant dragons of the seas they are painted, the Italian sub crews have proved as courageous and efficient as the Germans. Italian subs have claimed their full share of Allied shipping, and our destroyer captains insist on this being recognized.

II

Both Britain and the United States came into this war with a "defensive attitude" toward submarines. The convoy system had beaten the U-boats in the last war — it could be depended upon in this war. Our navies had a standard defense table worked out for convoys, which showed how many escorting warships were required to provide safe conduct for a given number of merchant ships. Unfortunately the ultimate number of merchant vessels that must be convoyed in this war is so immense that the escort ships indicated by the table is several times the number of ships in the combined British and American navies.

The British Navy's first guess on an offensive weapon against subs was wrong. They designed the corvette as a vessel which could be produced in mass quantities and could chase the subs from the seas. But the corvette proved an offensive dud, because its top speed was fifteen knots, or five knots below the top speed of the sub. The corvette was no more heavily armed than the new sub; when attacked by a corvette the sub pulled out of the water, opened fire, sometimes sank the corvette, and usually ran off and left it. Thus the corvette turned out to be but another defensive weapon, not useful for tracking down subs though valuable in repelling sub attacks.

The British also turned to air patrol as a weapon against the U-boats. The planes have proved effective, but the character of this effectiveness has been misunderstood.

The best plane for hunting subs has been the Catalina bomber. The British took the plane, mounted fixed guns in the forward bomb bay, loaded it with "ashcans," and sent it out on daylight patrol. It could stay in the air for many hours, cover vast distances. The Catalinas can be credited with driving the subs out of a 500-mile belt around the British Isles. But the

impression that the planes have destroyed many submarines is not true.

The first handicap of air patrol is that it can be used only in daylight, and it is at night that the subs are most dangerous. An airplane cannot spot a submerged U-boat except in the calmest of seas and in the fairest weather. Such seas and such weather are almost non-existent in the North Atlantic. When a sub is on the surface it can spot an approaching plane long before the plane can spot the sub. A sub can submerge to sixty feet in less than sixty seconds, so unless a sub has been damaged, no plane is likely to catch it on the surface.

What the airplane does to submarines is to force them to stay submerged, and this reduces the mobility of the subs. German subs have steered clear of the 500-mile belt around the British Isles, not because subs were being sunk by the planes, but because of the constant threat of air attack and the necessity for remaining submerged during daylight. The point here is that the airplane, too, is a defensive weapon against subs. The plane can attack only at the moment when the sub chooses to surface and attack — and only if the attack is by daylight — so that while the plane may drive subs to happier hunting grounds, it eliminates few.

The aircraft carrier has been suggested as the ideal escort vessel. But except for their greater range the carrier planes have all the handicaps of the land-based patrol. They are helpless at night; and, in addition, the carrier itself, being highly vulnerable, requires the protection of escort vessels. The carrier fits into the defensive pattern, but it is not the sought-for weapon to carry the war to the subs.

The question has been raised as to why more merchant ships have not been converted into carriers for escort tasks. A partial answer is that few of our merchant ships are fast enough. None of the Liberty ships has the necessary speed, for a carrier must be capable of fifteen knots before it can launch and land planes.

The destroyer, then, is the only ship we have had capable of a high-seas drive against the subs. The problem has become so desperate that there are naval men who contend that we should hold all British-bound and African-bound convoys in port for sixty days while we mass the entire destroyer strength in an attempt to drive the subs off the seas; the British and our own troops meantime would use up reserve stocks in anticipation of intensified shipments when the period is up. But here are two difficulties:

we lack a sufficient number of destroyers, and then the destroyer itself is far from the ideal sub-chaser.

The destroyer was designed to fit into the classic conception of naval action; to serve as an expendable rapier in a surface naval engagement; and it is fitted with a vast and expensive mechanism for attacking with torpedoes. In fighting subs, its torpedo mechanism is useless, and thus more than half its crew and its equipment go begging in the sub chase.

It has been this lack of offensive weapons against them which has allowed the number of German subs to mount steadily, bringing us to the present crisis. We have used ships and planes to drive off subs; we have driven the subs away from the coasts and out to the high seas; but our great need has been for weapons which could go out unimpeded by convoys for the specific purpose of tracking down the subs and blasting them to the bottom of the ocean.

Since we lack this, the German subs have multiplied until they number as many as 700. Individual subs serve as lookouts in all sectors of the Atlantic, and the wolfpacks await the signal to pounce at night on our convoys. All the advantages are with the subs.

III

The truth is that both Britain and America came into the war without a single ship designed especially to undertake offensive operations against modern submarines. The Germans used the between-wars period to develop their subs and create new tactics. The result is a balance in Germany's favor which must be eradicated before we can launch the decisive blows against Hitler.

Our first interest in building a real sub-chaser came in the summer of 1941, long after the Battle of Britain and only a few months before Pearl Harbor. Congress authorized the construction of fifty ships which would be fast enough to chase subs, but without the costly excess torpedo equipment essential to a destroyer. This sub-chaser could be mass-produced; we could have a thousand of them if necessary. Subsequently Congress authorized several hundred more of these ships.

Yet it was not until this year that the first sub-chaser was commissioned! The Joint Staff had consistently sidetracked them in favor of vessels the Navy regarded as more urgent. There we have one of the cardinal reasons for the present crisis. But the full explanation

of the delay involves an understanding of the strategic thinking in our Navy Department. It has a historical background without which the dilatoriness in the submarine situation cannot be comprehended.

Since the days of Admiral Dewey our Navy has been, with brief exceptions, "Pacific minded." Pearl Harbor only accentuated this traditional "Pacific orientation." When the Navy thinks of an offensive, it automatically thinks of the Pacific; and when it thinks of the Atlantic it thinks only of defensive tasks and convoy duty. The show in Europe and Africa is an "Army show"; the show in the Pacific is a "Navy show."

Long ago Billy Mitchell and his followers began urging the Navy to concentrate on "submarines and ships to fight submarines." The day of the surface offensive ship was over, Mitchell said, and the only offensive ship in the next war would be the submarine. Yet Pearl Harbor found our Navy still sold on "big ships"; on the battleship as its offensive weapon; and on the Pacific as its primary bailiwick. The disaster of December 7 shook faith in the battleship, but only riveted attention on the Pacific more firmly than ever. The Navy's first cry was for aircraft carriers. These were to

be the new assault weapon of the Navy — the new backbone. To eleven carriers being built on December 7, 1941, the Navy has added another twenty-two, plus an unspecified number of cruiser and merchant hulls to be changed to carriers. All of these were given high priority.

Next in the Navy's consideration were PT boats and assault barges. A diehard faction even insisted on the completion of every battleship which had been authorized. Yet Germany, with two Tirpitz-class battleships 80 per cent completed, halted work on them and diverted her entire energy to building subs. Our Navy's emphasis on carriers, battleships, barges, reflected the orthodox Navy conception of an island-by-island offensive against Japan; a long series of small invasions climaxed by a great invasion. As the Navy saw it, we would one day drive our battleships, under carrier protection, up to the shores of Japan; pound the shore defenses with our big guns, while the Marines took to the assault boats.

It is a conception which less orthodox strategists, especially our airmen, regard as unrealistic. They point to Midway and the Bismarck Sea actions as evidence that the classic naval plan is no longer applicable. When our Marines and

soldiers land on Japan, it will be with the help and protection of bombers and not battleships. And the bombers will come from land bases and not from carriers.

What use shall we make of thousands of assault barges until we have made safe the lines of supply for landed armies? What use shall we make of forty aircraft carriers, since they cannot approach an enemy-held coast? Finally, will the battleships we are now building be able to pull their weight in offensive warfare? Britain, holding complete mastery of the seas around Europe, has been unable to strike a single offensive blow with her great battleships.

In any case, it was in the interest of speeding up production of battleships, cruisers, carriers, and other "invasion" vessels that the Navy overlooked the sub-chasers which Congress had so readily authorized. There were other factors, such as the synthetic rubber program, which also contributed to the delay; but the emphasis on "offensive surface vessels" was the primary cause.

With the resulting North Atlantic crisis, it seems clear enough that the Navy has put its emphasis on the wrong weapons. In the effort to create for future use an "offensive Navy" that is of ques-

tionable value, we have delayed and jeopardized the success of immediate undertakings on the other side of the Atlantic. Because of the Navy's neglect of the submarine menace, our bomber squadrons in England must now make "defensive" missions and bomb submarine shipyards and bases, instead of destroying the sources of German military power. In effect, a large portion of our limited bomber forces is now trying to defend our convoys when they should be blasting a path for continental invasions.

That the Navy has seen its error — or at least has been induced to change course — is attested by the fact that work is at long last being pushed on sub-chasers. On Mr. Churchill's theory that "a ship saved is better than a ship built," some of Mr. Kaiser's energy is being diverted from building merchant ships to building escorts. Crews are being trained intensively in the use of these anti-sub ships. It is not likely, however, that the new course will be fully effective before next Fall. By then we should have sub-chasers by the hundreds and be ready for an offensive against the U-boats. But we shall do this only by curtailing other types of Naval construction, and only after paying another bitter tithe to ancient-mindedness.

NEW CHAMPION

A Story

BY WILLIAM FIFIELD

THE crowd sitting in the West Side Tennis Club stadium had seen the play in the mixed doubles final. Now they filed down the stairs to the hot dog and cold drink booths under the stands, and many of them went out to the garden bar set up under a tent at the side of the stadium. Then they were near the practice courts and they could watch Jed Lacey, Jr., twenty-nine, and Tom Crawford, nineteen, as they warmed up for the men's final. Tom Crawford was a newcomer without national ranking. He was 1942 Intercollegiate Champion. The green newcomer and Lacey, ninth ranking, old for championship tennis, had made the finals, the experts said, because the war had depleted the ranks of the players. The first, second and third ranking boys were in the service.

Jed Lacey, Jr., was aware that

this was his last chance to win the championship. Before the crowd had come down to watch the warm-up, he had stroked back Crawford's shots carefully. He had looked ages older than the nervous, intense, fumbling Crawford, thin legs showing in shorts. Jed wore flannels. He was one of the few players who still did. But then, most of the boys playing now had started tournament tennis after the day of flannels was past.

When the crowd came down after the mixed doubles was over, Jed picked up his game and began to make shots for their benefit. He knew it would tire him and give his style away to Crawford, but still he had to do it because they were watching. He put on quite a burst, so that the onlookers clapped for him after a series of volleys. Some said later he played better in that

WILLIAM FIFIELD, twenty-seven years old, comes from a family of Congregational ministers. He has sold soap, watches and cereal, and has also written scripts for the major radio networks.

moment than he did at any time during the course of actual play. The women noticed that he looked very dashing in his clean white trousers stroking the ball down into the other court with long, powerful volleys. He looked young and attractive, the women said, and it was really a pity to match the spindly boy Crawford against him.

Going out for the play, the players passed through the box seat section that sat under a gay awning at the side of the courts. Helen Lacey, Jr., was there in a green velvet hat from Paris, one of the last to be obtained. She was sitting with a group of her friends. Jed felt he had to stop a moment.

"You'll be wonderful, darling," his wife said to him. "I know you'll be simply wonderful. Did you see him against Sid Wood the other day?" she asked another member of the party. "Wasn't he marvelous?" She turned to Jed again. "Be like that today, darling. I so adore you when you play nicely." Jed said nothing. "You look wonderful today, dear," Helen said. She spoke to the friend again. "Doesn't he look beautifully young? I sometimes think he looks younger than I, though of course he's nearly three years older. It's the way he has his hair cut. Do you do it on

purpose, darling?" she asked, cocking her head up at him while the others watched her. Jed knew he should say something, but he could think of nothing to say. He never could when she did this. He smiled falsely at all of them, and then, "I've got to get out there," he said.

Jed had first service and began poorly with a double fault. "Trying too hard," he told himself. And he went on to lose the game. "Do I really care?" he asked himself. "I want to win very badly, but I haven't got the motor running, have I? The technique will be all right, the machinery is still good, I knew that in those volleys out on the practice court. How about the heart, though? Does the heart want to win enough?" But he took the set, 6-3, because his bad playing had scared the nineteen-year-old.

("Good tennis, just good ordinary tennis for an hour and a half and I'll be national champion," Crawford thought, and the idea frightened him so much he gave the set away.)

The second set went to 2-all, and then 4-all, and then 5-4 in favor of Crawford, and suddenly with the game at deuce and only two points needed to put the sets even, one apiece, Jed got a grip on himself and

began to volley. He drew air into his chest until he could feel his heart pounding. The crowd hushed, and then broke out cheering as he made his shots. When he had evened the set at five games all and was taking the next game he began really to feel like a tennis player, as he had against Wood in the preliminaries, perhaps because Wood wasn't a boy any more either and they were meeting on even terms, and he went ahead to win the set at 7-5.

"I remember how I met her," he thought as they were changing courts and he stopped behind the referee's platform for a drink of water. "I remember that I was third ranking that year and she was just out of Smith. We went to that restaurant where they spoke nothing but French, and I was proud of her because she could talk it, and I thought how beautiful she was. She exhibited me like a little prize doll and I liked it. I thought the fact that I was third in the rankings made up the difference between us. I wonder when it was that I first realized she was showing herself off, not me, when she took me places and boasted about me?"

The youngster's game was much better in the third set, and the competition sharpened Jed's strokes and keyed him up until he was

really playing well. The games were close, but he took his own service, then broke through on Crawford's, repeated the win on his service and was very near to breaking through again to lead at 4-love, only two games from taking the championship, when he glanced across court to the box seats and saw that Helen was turned half around in her chair talking spiritedly to someone in the row behind her. He took Crawford's next serve, muffed it, and looked again. Helen was still talking to the friend. She had not watched the play. The next serve brought up chalk on the inside marker. Jed waved it by, a flat smile on his face, letting it go for an ace. The crowd was silent during the succeeding play, and Jed heard the train go by on the Long Island Railway tracks in back of the stadium.

When Crawford had taken four games while Jed was taking one and the set was even at 4-all, Jed knew he was finished. He hadn't really gotten the machine turning over after all. He felt weak, as though he had been bleeding from a wound. He didn't have another set left in him. Perhaps he didn't have another half dozen games left. If he lost this set he was done, and he was going to lose it.

Not until the ninth game was in

progress and he was trailing did he dare look over at Helen again. He saw that she was standing up in front of her chair, and as soon as he looked at her she made the whimsical little gesture of prayer, folding her hands together under her chin and bowing her head, she'd made other times when he was in a tight spot and needed encouragement. It had always worked. "Well, I've gotten beyond that," he said to himself. "That won't do any good any more, Helen, so just sit down and watch your private stuffed elephant get pulled to pieces." Then he saw that the others in Helen's party were nudging each other and smiling among themselves at her bit of whimsy. "Damn you, Helen," Jed said half aloud, "this is *my* match and *my* licking and nobody's going to take it away from me. Not you, anyway."

He came from behind and had them cheering him, and if he wasn't as good as he'd been out on the practice court it was because he was tired now. He was doing all right.

"Games at 5 to 4, Lacey leading," the referee announced over the public address system, and Jed saw the five replace the four boldly under his name on the two scoreboards.

Ten years trying. Now one more

game and it was his. National champion. They'd have to move him from ninth ranking to first ranking, regardless of the school boys who were away at the war. Well, what the hell. He could take Riggs or Kovacs or any of them. When the juice was on, nobody could touch his volley. He volleyed in this last game of the match, making a show of it, once more feeling his old pride; but he won because Crawford wanted the tension off for a while and preferred losing to going into another set.

He tried, Crawford tried, but mostly he just wanted to get off the courts and away by himself where no one would see him. Jed sensed the relaxation of his opponent's game, but it did not tarnish his victory. He won, giving up only one point in the final game.

He was National Singles Champion of the United States, and he blinked into the sun while the news cameras clicked. Bill Stern put him on over the NBC mikes and he chuckled to himself because he was being introduced as a hero over the network where he was slowly failing at his job of selling advertising time, the network that would have to let him go some day while the executives apologized, not to him, but to Helen's father who'd gotten him the job.

II

The victory celebration was held that night at the Waldorf. Helen insisted on giving the party herself in honor of her husband. The girls Helen had known at Smith were there, and the men they'd married before the photoflood bulbs at Trinity Church. Jed's only personal friends in New York were tournament tennis players, and of course (as Helen had pointed out) they would be jealous, whether they showed it or not, and it was better not to invite them.

"Wasn't he really marvelous today?" Helen asked brightly of all of them at the table. "Imagine winning in straight sets, and after trying for it for so many years. It was a real triumph for you, darling," she said to Jed. Some of the others started to discuss various shots he'd made and Helen let them go on for a moment before interrupting them. Then she said, "Did you see me when I was praying for you, dear?"

Jed nodded.

"Didn't that help a little, sweet?" she asked, cocking her head in a way she knew made people go away saying she was pert and attractive. "You really were softening up just before that. I mean you weren't playing quite as beautifully

as you did the rest of the time. And I thought maybe knowing I was praying for you helped."

"It did. A lot," Jed said.

He said it a bit too tersely and he realized that as soon as the words were out, but Helen went ahead immediately to cover for him. "Jed doesn't say much, you see he's afraid someone might think he was boasting, but really he is darling when it's just the two of us. He fits that silly old saying about being a man of action." She toyed with her prize, making him react this way or that way for the benefit of those who were watching. "Aren't you a man of action, darling? I mean when the right time comes." She waited while they smiled. "And you do look so nice, Jed. The sunburn helps. I almost think I'll try tennis some day just to get the sunburn. It makes one look younger, doesn't it? It really does."

Jed hadn't been told, but Helen had had one of the men bring the big championship trophy. Now she had it brought out and put on the table. She had it placed between Jed and herself. Then the society photographers came in. Helen saw that her hair was just right and the cameras were placed to catch her good profile as she looked proudly around the loving cup at Jed. "You surely don't mind another

few pictures, do you, darling?" she said brightly. "Why, darling, you'll be on the society page and the sports page too. The papers will be just full of you."

When Ivan drove them up the drive to their home in Old Westbury, it was beginning to get light. Their home, given them by Helen's father as a wedding present.

"I loved you every minute of today, darling," Helen said, lifting up her face for his kiss.

"I loved you too," he said, kissing her.

"You were wonderful, really you were. Just think. The National Champion!" Jed was afraid she was going to add, "after all these years," but she didn't.

"Check up around the house, will you, sweet? That's a darling. I'm bushed." Going ahead of him up the stairs she stopped and turned. "I'll get undressed and wait for you, dear. Will you like that? I'll put on chiffon. You like to see me through chiffon, darling."

Jed went through the downstairs hallways, and through the library and the salon and the dining room and the three alcoves and the music room, seeing that everything was locked up. What difference did it make? The servants would be about in a couple of hours. The night was almost over. She only wanted him

to spend some time while she made the transition from dancing dress to nightgown. She liked him to see her naked because she knew she was lovely and because the things it did to him were flattering to her, but she did not like him to be there while she was in between and the technicalities of brassiere, girdle and stockings had to be gone through.

Jed went out back to the kennels. The white cocker spaniel whipped at her leash with joy to see him. He released her and she went speeding down the slope to the vacant lot on Rogers Road. She roused a bird from the ground and went skipping along on her hind legs trying to keep sight of the bird over the brush and tall grass. Then she came back up to Jed at a dead run, her long brown ears flopping like limp wings. She flashed back and forth in front of him, wanting him to play. When he only stood staring down at her she sensed his mood and squatted before him, gazing up with the soft look a gentle dog has. Should he give her the least flicker of recognition, she would have her head down between her paws, her brown eyes peering up at him hopefully, her whole hindquarters jackknifed up and wagging with the eager wagging of her tail.

Jed took her into the bathing and

stripping room and, sitting down, called her up onto his lap. She came with one bound. He began to pet her, fondling her soft ears. Then he discovered that she had a burr caught in the long hair where the ear joined the head. He tugged at it gently, twisting it. The dog crouched in his lap silently, becoming nervous. The burr would not come free. He pulled harder. He hurt the dog and she yelped. Then suddenly Jed was trembling with nerves and he jerked at the burr, swearing harshly, terrifying the dog.

The burr came away with a great bunch of hair from the dog's ear and she yelped again, a sharp, shrill sound in the little room. Jed held her muzzle closed with one hand. The hand was shaking.

"Shut up!" he said fiercely. The dog tried to wriggle free. The brown eyes were filled with terror. "Shut up, damn you!" Jed swore, although the dog made no sound.

With his free hand he struck her hindquarters. The eyes swiveled wildly and she tried to pull away. Jed felt the saliva from her muzzle grow sticky on his hand. He caught

her up to him in both arms and hugged her against his chest until his arms hurt. Then he threw her to the cement floor. She gazed up at him in anguish, then turned her head away slowly, unbelief and a soft, aching humiliation in her eyes more than fright now. She lay cowering against the cold cement of the floor, her eyes averted.

Then Jed was down beside her on his knees petting her, babying her, pleading with her. He tried to think that she was nuzzling into his hand, but it was only his hand that moved. The soft, damp muzzle was rigid.

"I didn't mean it. I didn't mean it," he said over and over, hardly knowing what he was saying. But the little dog would not look at him. Each time he turned her head toward him she drew away. And when he had tried for a long time and saw that it was hopeless, and when he felt the inexplicable rage rising in him again, Jed turned away and walked up the lawn from the kennels and into the house where Helen waited for him, with her beautiful body long and splendid under a film of chiffon.



CLINICAL NOTES

The Progress of Stalin-Worship

I RECALL a dinner party for American correspondents in Moscow some years ago, in the Japanese Embassy. The wise and wizened little Tanaka, our host, was annoyed by an excessively garrulous and exuberant American woman. His chance came when the lady launched into a wordy story about an uncle who had lived in Tokyo only six months. "And my dears, he came back speaking *perfect* Japanese!" she beamed. Tanaka leaned forward and said softly, "How would *you* know?"

In a recent column about Wendell Willkie's book, *One World*, the estimable Walter Lippmann assures us that "the two Americans who have come back from Russia with the most reliable account of it" are Mr. Willkie and Joseph E. Davies. We lean forward to remark, ever so softly, "How would *you* know?"

The most expletive praise of Davies' book and now of Willkie's report on the USSR has come, with few exceptions, from people who know little or nothing about Stalin's realm. I was discussing Russia

with several guests at the home of a friend recently. Passing our group, highball glass in hand, a typical muddled liberal eavesdropped for a minute or two, then broke in to say disgustedly, "Don't listen to Lyons . . . *he's lived in Russia for many years.*" This wasn't irony; in his mind it really disqualified me.

Neither Willkie nor Davies suffer from any such handicaps. Willkie spent two weeks in the USSR, on a hurried, closely guarded, officially circumscribed and banquet-filled junket. Davies, though accredited to Moscow for some eighteen months, actually lived in Russia only a relatively small part of that time, surrounded and insulated as only the Bolsheviks know how to surround and insulate an important diplomat. The Lippmanns still have to explain why the reports of Ambassador Davies — carefully selected, edited and arranged like a lawyer's brief in a difficult case — are more trustworthy than those of Ambassador William C. Bullitt. Does an initial sympathy for the Russian Revolution and people,

with which Bullitt came to the scene, really disqualify an outsider to judge, and if so, why? They still have to explain why they prefer the curious double-talk of writers like Hindus, Duranty, Anna Louise Strong to the reports of William Henry Chamberlin, Spencer Williams, Harold Denny, G. E. R. Gedye, Leon Dennen, Louis Fischer, Eugene Lyons and others.

Mr. Davies' *opus* is so obvious, unashamed and cynical in its special pleading that anyone who has lived close to the Soviet reality cannot peruse it without blushing. His amazing justification of the blood purges is admittedly an afterthought: a flash of intuition that came to him while "ruminating" years later! In labeling the tens of thousands executed by the Stalin régime and the hundreds of thousands exiled and imprisoned as "fifth columnists," he is guilty of one of the most daring falsifications of history.

Publisher Henry Luce, for reasons that are still obscure, recently joined in the campaign to tidy up Soviet history for American innocents. The fact alone that he selected Mr. Davies, the most extreme apologist for past, present and future Kremlin policies, as the chief oracle in his special issue of *Life* is a tip-off that political sales-

manship rather than objective journalism was involved. Absurdity and specious half-truths are piled so high in that issue that space here unhappily does not permit an adequate review. For example, millions of American families were informed — casually, in a parenthesis — that the dread GPU, which has murdered literally hundreds of thousands of Soviet citizens, is just "a national police similar to the FBI." The *Life* choice of pictures and the captions could hardly have been more misleading if the job had been left to *Voks*, the Soviet agency for propaganda abroad.

* * *

Thus the misguided and dangerous ballyhoo to "sell" Stalin's version of totalitarianism to America proceeds apace. The latest recruit is Mr. Willkie. Though it deals with the whole globe, and settles all planetary problems in one brief book, Mr. Willkie's volume can be judged in the first place by its Russian chapters, which take about one-fourth the total space.

Those chapters are masterpieces of omission and elision. Earl Browder declares that "the world must be thankful that Mr. Willkie did not turn to 'experts' and their books for his education." To begin with, he did have one of the "ex-

perts" with him: his political mentor on the jaunt through Russia was Joseph Barnes of the OWI, an apologist for the most unsavory features of Stalinism. Furthermore, a little advance reading on the Russian facts might have prepared Willkie to make inquiries on those phases of Soviet government and recent history which are wholly ignored in his book. It might at least have left him less childish in his methods of gathering information.

Only a Gilbert and Sullivan team could do justice to the great fact-finding scene wherein Mr. Willkie assembles a group of well-known Soviet writers and proceeds to "ask questions with no holds barred." He records the occasion as "the first frank and off-record conversation between Soviet newspapermen and a visiting fireman for a decade." Mr. Willkie apparently does not know that any Russian journalist who would speak frankly and off-the-record to a foreigner, especially a prominent one, in the presence of other Russians is a candidate for the booby hatch. We may be sure that each of them *feared, or knew, that his every word and accent would be reported by the others.*

It is scarcely remarkable that these men proved "uncompromis-

ing" in defending everything about their régime. Willkie does not even suspect that each of them was talking for the detailed record now in the GPU archives.

In the same fashion this Indiana innocent abroad accepted at face value all the answers to his leading questions everywhere in the Soviet Union. At one point he did come dangerously near learning and revealing some of the Russian "facts of life." It was in Yakutsk, where he found "some present-day exiles of the Soviet Union." He writes: "One Polish woman particularly poured into my ear an account of the Soviet system which hardly accorded with official propaganda." But he parried the temptation of spoiling the pretty picture and the reader knows nothing beyond that one sentence.

The sad fact is that Mr. Willkie skimmed through Russia and emerged with scarcely a suspicion of the world's largest concentration camps in that country, the extreme measures of suppression, the obliteration of the last vestige of economic democracy in the factories and a thousand other things which Americans deserve to know if they are to deal realistically and not sentimentally with the problems posed by Russia. There is little if anything in his book that he could

not have extracted almost in the same words from any standard Stalinist propaganda book for American consumption.

Governor Stassen of Minnesota, in a review in the *New York Times*, hinted at the pernicious Pollyanna element in the Russian section of *One World* when he remarked: "There would seem to be an over-emphasis on the wrongs of the British colonial administration and an understatement of the evils of communism." The book that is being touted as a basic text on world affairs is, alas, little more than an international supplement to Dale Carnegie's *How To Make Friends and Influence People*. Mr. Willkie's concluding words on Russia are:

No, we do not need to fear Russia. We need to learn to work with her against the common enemy, Hitler. We need to learn to work with her in the world after the war. For Russia is a dynamic country, a new society, a force that cannot be bypassed in any future world.

One can agree with these clichés and still wonder why he overlooks the fact that *Russia needs to learn to work with us*, too. Why must he imply, as this does, and as Vice-President Wallace and Joe Davies have stated in so many words, that if there is any "doublecrossing" it will come from the American side?

Above all, why does he go on the assumption that ignorance of the seamy totalitarian side of the Russian picture is the first condition for effective American collaboration with that country?

Certainly *One World* — by slurring over vast and inescapable phases of Soviet life, government, policies, history and political morals — is a contribution towards that ignorance. This fault, it seems to me, is big enough to vitiate many charms and shrewd intuitions and honest emotions in the volume.

* * *

As we go to press, the movie based on Mr. Davies' book is released to the public. Because of its far-reaching implications, it deserves detailed examination; but for the time being a general impression must suffice.

The Warner Brothers version of *Mission to Moscow* seems to me grotesque from beginning to end. When the Nazis make a film telling Nazi lies, there is at least the logic of self-interest. It makes no sense at all when Americans do a cynical job of historical falsification in behalf of a foreign dictatorship and an alien way of life.

The picture goes to extreme lengths to justify the Moscow blood purges. The treatment of this phase is so puerile and reckless that even

the Kremlin, I suspect, will be alarmed. The Warners do not scruple to resurrect General Tukhachevsky, who was shot after a secret trial, and put him on public trial months after his execution. The picture deliberately creates the impression that Russia is lined up with us in the Pacific against Japan. It whitewashes the Moscow-Berlin Pact which touched off the war; the Soviet aggressions against neighbors with whom we maintain friendly relations; and by implication and silence, also the Moscow-inspired isolationist activities and sabotage of war industries within the United States. In contrast with scoundrelly Americans, Britons, Poles, Frenchmen, Finns, *Mission to Moscow* presents the flawless Russians. Thereby it not only accepts all past and present Soviet policies but sides *in advance* with the USSR against the USA on any differences which may arise.

A pernicious aspect of the picture, it seems to me, is the way in which it misuses the name and prestige of President Roosevelt and the State Department to put an official halo around this version of affairs. Our government could not conceivably sponsor a revision of history which will offend all our allies except Russia; and a justification of totalitarian methods which

will offend the great majority of Americans.

The Hollywood estimate of the political illiteracy and gullibility of Americans is insulting. But the first reviews of the picture would seem to indicate that the insult is not wholly unmerited.

* * *

April 1943 has thus been a gala month for Soviet propaganda by Americans for Americans. Underlying the efforts of Messrs. Willkie, Davies, Luce, and Warner is the fantastic idea that to work with Russia we must first "purify" her, rub out stains on her record, conceal the operations of the Communist International, and convince Americans that the Soviet type of total state is somehow democratic.

The chances of durable cooperation would be far greater if we followed Stalin's lead and foreswore sentimental make-believe; if we put as much stress on Russia's obligations to us as on our obligations to Russia. The Kremlin rulers are neither impressed nor placated by our "romantic" performance. As realists and economic determinists, they have acted and will continue to act in line with Russian self-interest. They will continue to have only contempt for transparent flattery and inept propaganda.

— EUGENE LYONS

► *War's effects on education are not as bad as they're painted.*

COLLEGES IN TRANSITION

BY ADOLPH E. MEYER

THE American college, ever since its humble inception in primitive New England, has witnessed seamy days as well as flush. Yet in the end it has always managed to walk off in triumph, and just before the Yellow Blitz it was coming out of the Depression into a condition generally regarded by authoritative opinion as satisfactory. Today, however, all this optimism has vanished, and where there was once hope there is now gloom.

The plain fact, of course, is that the war has put its prehensile fingers on the college, and everywhere, like the hard-pressed butchers and gas dealers, the men of learning are beating their breasts and saying their prayers. The sad state of the college, Dr. Carter Davidson, President of Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois, has confessed, is what makes his hair grey and his sleep light. But the Knox

President is, I fear, too gloomy. No doubt, the college is aching from the strains of war, but that it is about to be ruined, or even seriously damaged, seems to me unwarranted pessimism. Indeed, an analysis of the many things the war has done to the college will reveal that while a few are bad, many are fundamentally good.

Consider, for example, the college's lament that it is losing students. It is a fact that the fat rosters of the boom days have diminished in heft. No longer will the college be able to produce, like New York University, some 4500 graduates at one swoop. But such a drop in numbers is, by and large, good and should be applauded. For one thing, it has finally stopped the limitless expansion which created such chain stores of the intellect as California, Northwestern, Boston, Columbia and New York. Decreased enrolments obviously will produce smaller

ADOLPH E. MEYER is associate professor of education at New York University. He is the author of several books, the latest of which is *Development of Education in the Twentieth Century*.

classes, and if properly nursed and encouraged, such a movement should in time make extinct the large lecture class with its regiments of listless students. Under the new conditions any professor worthy of his hire will at least have a chance to know his learners by name instead of having to associate them with seat numbers in a room filled with strange aromas.

Another boon bestowed by the war is the shorter time now needed to get a degree. Not so long ago college pedagogues were convinced that no one, not even Aristotle, could ripen into the baccalaureate state in less than four years. Today everybody knows that no normal person needs that much time to complete the college's simple and elementary requirements. Because this has now become obvious, most efficient colleges have invented ways to thrust their learners into academic robes in the shortest possible time.

Some, like Chicago, have managed to do the job in two years, though most colleges still require three years. At Boston University, which has openly described itself as "a nationally accredited 'Grade A' university," any student can pluck a degree in three years or even less, simply by attending a couple of additional summer terms. Other col-

leges, like Middlebury in Vermont, have speeded up their output by increasing the credit values of "courses involving test tubes as well as text books." At New York University the idea of operating day and night, twelve months a year, has brought into being the Summer Session, Intersession, and Postsession besides, of course, the Regular Session. By turning his pressure up to the last notch the ambitious NYU scholar can master a regular thirty weeks' course in four weeks.

In the current pedagogic lingo this academic speed-up is known as Acceleration. That a good many men of learning have begun to appreciate its merits is apparent, since not long ago more than a thousand college presidents and administrators, assembled in conclave at Baltimore, gave the scheme a warm boost. Most States in the Union, likewise, are hospitable to the idea and have sanctioned its use in their domain. But New York, apparently preferring to cling to its ancient traditions, remains an exception. Still feeling that what counts in college is the time spent there rather than the quality of the work done, it recently decided that the new bachelor's degree from Chicago is non-negotiable in the Empire State.

II

The college has also been forced to give its academic offerings a critical overhauling. True, most of the old and familiar staples are still in stock. Thus at Boston University a student may still pant over the intricate perplexities of Advanced Clothing or Stunts and Tumbling. He may still struggle with the metaphysics of advanced tap dancing, shuffle board and deck tennis. And what's true for Boston is true for most of the larger shrines of learning. But the fact is that these courses, like tours around the world, are today simply not in demand.

The war has made the college student more serious. He knows what he wants, and what he wants doesn't need any enticing lures to attract him. What he craves must be solid and without hokum, and even its rumored difficulties do not seem to scare him away. Consequently, while most of the more vapid, though once popular, courses are now waiting for the embalmer, the *bona fide* sciences of mathematics, physics and chemistry are in lush bloom. Not only are they flourishing, but the participants therein are actually proving that they are endowed with brains and, given the chance, they will use them. En-

couraged by this finding, some colleges have been optimistic enough to go in for such formidable taxers of the mind as Chinese and Japanese. Several, including NYU, have added Russian to their offerings, while Hunter College, the largest liberal arts college for women in the world, has embellished itself with a war course in Hindustani.

The revelation that college students can do serious work of a high calibre must surely be set down as good. Perhaps even more beneficial for the college may be its startling discovery that it can get along without Big Time Athletics. Before the war only a handful of the nation's front-page colleges had begun the process known as "athletic de-emphasis." The unconventional President Hutchins of Chicago, convinced that football was at bottom a menace to the college's main purposes, booted the sport out of its Chicago existence. The Yale authorities, feeling somewhat like Hutchins but lacking his boldness, were willing to compromise on a strictly amateur team. NYU, unable to match the dazzling feats of the nation's biggest teams, playing every year at the Polo Grounds and the Yankee Stadium, discontinued its football team altogether.

But outside of these three institutions most of the larger colleges

continued to employ athletics, and particularly football, as a major activity. Their advertising value and their money-making qualities made this inevitable. But the war has changed all this. Today the college must rely mainly on its academic benefits if it wants to attract customers. Where athletics exist they have assumed a minor rôle in the college's repertoire, and as a result athletic coaches no longer command a bigger salary than the Dean of Liberal Arts.

One of the college's more persistent complaints has to do with its loss of manpower. It is, of course, a fact that the higher learning has lost a considerable part of its personnel. Many a sweating professor, gratifying a secret yearning, has relinquished his drab cap and gown for the more rakish garb of the officer. In so far as some of these men were first-rate scientists and technical experts, the college's loss has been very real. This blow, however, should be considerably softened by the large exodus of vocational guides, scientific sociologists, and the professors of business administration. Most of these men have migrated down to the Potomac, where, suffused by pleasant air, they now contribute their science to such august bodies as the American Council of Education,

the National Research Council, the United States Office of Education, the National Resources Planning Board and hosts of others. Since a good many of these fellows were mainly hand-shakers and promoters rather than honest scholars, their departure from the academic precincts should turn into a real benefit for the higher learning.

Though the war has transformed the halls of higher learning in several ways, a few items, alas, still remain untouched. There is, for example, still an almost endless array of degrees. The original B.S. and B.A. have spawned a hundred-fold, so that today we have such things as B.Did., B.L.S., B.F.A., B.N., B.M., B.P.S.M., B.S.H.E., B.S.L.A., B.N.S., B.B.S., B.C.S., B.Ag., A.B. in L.S., A.B. in Ed., A.B. in Soc. W., B.S. in P.A.L., B. Voc. E., B.R.Ed., B.V.A., and the B.S. in H.Ec. There is even a B.O., plus swarms of others. Since all of them mean more or less the same basic thing, namely a baccalaureate, they might just as well be reduced to the original two, which at least were understandable. But the trend, unfortunately, seems to be not towards a reduction but rather to an even greater number.

Nor has the doctor's dissertation been affected very much. Doctors are still produced in good amount,

last year's output being over 3500. Of these, 197 came from Chicago, while NYU's puissant School of Education produced the largest number of doctoral tracts in any single field with 52 in the Science of Education. The subjects are still the familiar ones ranging from "Competition between Potatoes and Other Vegetables at Retail, Buffalo, N. Y., 1940" (Cornell) to "Hiawatha, an Indian Boy; an Operetta based on Henry W. Longfellow's Poem, for Unchanged Voices" (NYU). In the realm of graduate work, however, the war offers a real ray of hope. For one thing, the pure sciences will receive more stress than heretofore, with a consequent lesser attention being given to such bogus sciences as business practice, salesmanship, character analysis and the like. For another thing the war, no doubt, will decrease the number of graduate students, particularly in the quasi-scientific domains. This, plainly enough, has long been desirable.

Another matter which the war will probably not improve is that of the honorary degree. Quantitatively, as a matter of sad fact, there has been no letup. The war, indeed, appears to have had the opposite effect. This is due mainly to the fact that besides the usual army of archbishops, politicians and suc-

cessful hardware dealers, the college must now bestow the badge of learning on the nation's generals and admirals. Then, too, with the advent of the radio, it is now possible to hand out honorary doctorates all over the globe with no effort at all. It was in this manner that Winston Churchill was converted into an LL.D. by the University of Rochester. He was the first one to perform the feat *in absentia*.

III

There is no doubt that the American college, particularly the smaller one, is today teetering on the edge of bankruptcy. This, of course, is not news, for outside of a fortunate few, most universities in this country have always been financially in a bad spot. However, in the gayer days of peace and plenty an occasional windfall often straightened out the cashier's affairs sufficiently to save his institution from the beckoning sheriff. But the war, as is well known, has cut down the supply of helpful altruists with cash, and outside of the \$20,000,000 check to Northwestern from the late Walter Patton Murphy, a railway equipment manufacturer, no such gold has been reported anywhere.

A few of the better-heeled schools, like Harvard and Columbia, have managed to weather the storm. The war has even taught them a few new tricks. Thus with an ascetic economy they have gone on the prowl against all waste, with the result, curiously enough, that they have not only balanced their budgets, but even have made a substantial profit. However, most colleges haven't been so fortunate. To save themselves they have installed a few new monetary faucets in the hope of tapping a helpful source somewhere. To begin with, a good many have tried to put across the idea that culture can help win the war. But here, alas, they have run into stubborn resistance.

Having converted themselves more and more into vocational schools during the past two decades, the colleges somehow don't sound very convincing to the War and Navy Departments, when they try to defend a truly liberal education. The result is that the war has shoved culture more and more into the background as the college finds itself specializing more and more in the mechanical trades.

A great many colleges, more realistic and perhaps also more truth-

ful, have preferred to leave culture for the postwar world. They have frankly harnessed themselves to the government's War Training Program. Through government contracts they have made available their buildings, equipment, and even their instruction for young men and women trained at government expense. Naturally, the government pays for all this, not lavishly, but well enough to make it worthwhile. More important than the merely financial aspect of this business is the fact that under the government's watchful eyes instruction must be of top quality, standards of achievement must be high, and no loafing is tolerated. All this surely is to the college's gain.

If the war has done many good things to the college, and a few bad ones, then the fact must not be overlooked that most men of higher learning are gazing towards the day when peace will once more caress the land and when once again they may resume their old and familiar ways. In other words, most college professors, soaked in their effete traditions, discount most of the war's beneficial influences, over-emphasize the bad, and sigh for the Good Old Days.



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THE STATE OF THE UNION

The Press and Congress

BY GARET GARRETT

IN his last great work, entitled *Modern Democracies*, where you will find some gloomy forethoughts on the world-wide decline of the parliamentary principle, Lord Bryce said of the American people that they read the President's speeches but not the *Congressional Record*. That is true. It was always true. The people never did read it. And why should they? What are their newspapers for? The *Congressional Record* is not intended to have what a circulation manager would call reader appeal. To report the proceedings of Congress as news is a function of a free press in a free country. How well do the American newspapers perform that function?

Important legislative acts are properly reported, certainly. If the measure pending is highly controversial, like the pay-as-you-go tax bill, you will read forecasts of the

outcome, lively speculations, interviews, statements, and all that. A filibuster in the Senate may rise to the relative importance of a sporting event. If the Congress slaps the President, or if the President says to the Congress, "Do this — or else," that is fair news for the big headlines. Investigating committees get space and limelight exactly equal to the news value of the drama and scandal they produce. But the reporting of speeches and debates is a disgrace to the institution that has believed of itself, and not without reason, that it made popular government feasible on the American scale.

Not only as general reporting is it poor workmanship, slovenly and indifferent; in contrast with a very high standard of newspaper reporting it is worse still, and in the fact that such slovenliness is the rule,

GARET GARRETT was for years chief editorial writer for the *Saturday Evening Post*. He also was on the staffs of the *New York Times*, *Tribune*, *Sun*, *Evening Post*, and *Wall Street Journal*. He is the author of a long array of books on politics and economics, the first of them published in 1911.

with no notable exceptions, there is an implication of contempt, as if the mind of Congress had ceased to produce anything worth either the reporter's while to report or the reader's while to read. The attitude is one of long habit, and of course unconscious. That makes it no less unfortunately true that it is not any longer possible to get from newspaper reading the information any thoughtful person ought to have about what the American Congress is thinking and saying.

Let us take a recent flagrant example. The Senate debate on the extension of the Lend-Lease Act was one of historic importance. What the Senate did that day was: *first*, to serve notice on the President that it will not be bound by any executive agreement with a foreign nation beyond the scope of the Lend-Lease law as an instrumentality of war, and, *second*, to put the United Nations on notice that such agreements made by the President alone cannot in any way commit the Congress. The Lend-Lease law as such was not in debate. It was understood that no Senator present was going to oppose its extension; no Senator did. But the use of Lend-Lease by the President to make postwar commitments was another thing, and it was Senator Vandenberg, with the Senate sol-

idly behind him, who finished the case against that. He said:

The so-called master lend-lease agreements which have been made with our chief Allies assume to make a general postwar commitment on our behalf — a commitment to world-wide economic relations, respecting production, employment and the exchange and consumption of goods. . . . They would bind us by extra-legal dictum to the ideas upon these enormously complicated problems which are held by the distinguished gentlemen — none of whom are elected by the American people — who negotiate these agreements without either the advice or the consent of the only Constitutional body that can make them valid. The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations here registers its conviction — and I may add that the action of the committee was unanimous . . . — that these commitments do not bind our legislative bodies. . . . It asserts the jurisdiction of the Constitution of the United States, which not even war can suspend. It says there is no authority in the Lend-Lease Act to warrant any general postwar commitments or postwar policies. . . .

If these American negotiators can validly make the promises to which I have referred, then they can promise more — and more — and ever more. They can put moral metes and bounds to all our freedoms at the peace table. Yet they have no authority to make any such commitments at all. The Executive has the unquestioned right to negotiate. Only the Congress can commit. . . . Candor compels us to notify our Allies of this fact. Constitutional fidelity requires us to assert it in behalf of our America. . . . The distinguished Vice-President suggested within the week that dire consequences would follow our doublecrossing of Russia.

. . . I protested at the time that I did not believe the Government of the United States would ever consciously doublecross any other nation on earth. But I respectfully suggest that one of the wisest precautions to prevent other people from even thinking they are being doublecrossed is to refrain from sprinkling the earth with invalid executive agreements which are too equivocal to permit of authentic interpretation and which lack authority of law until they are translated into ratified treaties.

This was not one Senator making a speech. It was the Senate of the United States striking a standard into the ground. On this line it will fight. Was that news?

The New York *Times* gave it sixteen obscure lines, without any headline at all, at the end of its big news story, which began on page one with the President receiving and signing the bill extending the Lend-Lease Act, and passed at once to the ceremonies of celebration, especially an official luncheon party where Lord Halifax gave his idea of lend-lease as "a weapon of war which will contribute to the performance of the constructive tasks of peace."

The New York *Herald Tribune* gave it even less space, — that is to say, nothing. Its news story, like that of the *Times*, noted the fact that the law had been extended, then went immediately to the ceremonies of international celebra-

tion, but of what the Senate had done that day, more than to vote an extension of the law, not a single line.

This absence of interest could be justified only on the ground that the Senate's declaration of resolve to exert its Constitutional power over foreign policy was not a political event; that it was a political gesture only, and puerile. That would be a matter of judgment.

The fact is that no judgment was involved. The indifference was not considered; it was unconscious, and all the more significant for that reason. Consider the effect on what we might call the morale of Congress. Its words do not go forth, as from a platform. They echo in a well. The people cannot hear them; but neither can the people read them because they are not printed.

It may comfort the press to know that its news values in this instance were precisely those of the government. The Office of War Information publishes an official weekly, *Victory Bulletin*, and in it you will find a department called "The Congress Last Week." In the issue of March 17 it said the following: "The Congress last week voted almost unanimously to extend the Lend-Lease Act for an additional year," and that was all.

II

For the rise of a new and contrary mood in Congress there has been plenty of newspaper space, both as news and as a political topic. The surface turbulence of fact has been gleefully reported, but in a trivial, customary manner, with no depth of comprehension. Generally the theme has been the revolt of the rubber stamp, quite simply explained. When the ballots were counted last November it was evident that the President's prestige had fallen. What followed, besides a change in the political features of the Congress, was a sudden release of a bitter and long repressed anti-Roosevelt feeling within the Democratic Party. If that were all, it was something that had happened many times in our history — a reaction at the polls, the President with a wilful Congress on his hands, and a game of political shinny in Pennsylvania Avenue.

But a reader of the *Congressional Record* will be aware that an event of the utmost importance is taking place. Those sublime tinkers who invented and set in motion the mechanism of a Constitutional government that should be free, representative and limited — the first of its kind — are vindicated. Their clumsy system of checks and bal-

ances is working. It had been behaving like a rusty and long neglected automaton. One of its three principal parts was sticking and there was for that reason a state of imbalance so extreme that many people were saying it would never work again. It was old and worn out. Better throw it away and invent a new one. Yet it was precisely from the pressure of imbalance that the sticking part should have derived the power to move. Then of a sudden it did and clicked and began to act.

This is the 78th Congress, defending the representative government which has been an example to all the world. The story of that example began with the First Congress, more than a century and a half ago. We did not export the American design. It grew and produced seeds, and since the seeds of an idea are infinitely divisible, people were free and welcome to come and help themselves, which they did. No single experiment in the history of man as a political animal was ever more transplanted. That continued for one hundred years. Expectations were extravagant. That was the first weakness. The second — and from this we have not been immune — was to suppose that there was magic in the form. Once you had created the

form and put it in solemn script, the blessings would flow continuously and forever. The disappointments were accordingly severe. Representative government was not perfect government. The ideal of a parliament representing the mind of a people at its best was nowhere realized. And yet, until it was almost too late, few would have believed that the principle itself was in jeopardy. It was.

From disillusionment, from neglect, from the corruptions of political cynicism, the prestige and authority of free, representative government everywhere receded, until at last there was the spectacle of the parliamentary principle itself making way for the hero, the people applauding it for doing so. Each manifestation of hero government invents its own guise and name. Yet every one has this in common with every other, that it exalts the executive power and would make it supreme.

The system of checks and balances built into the Constitution was to keep that from happening here. The Constitution is the law of laws which only the people can change; under it are three co-equal powers, namely, the Congress to make the statute law, the President to administer the laws and the Supreme Court to interpret the laws;

nowhere is there a supreme or unlimited power. Final sovereignty resides in the people, and yet even this is somewhat restrained, for the people may change the Constitution only by a method that obliges them to take time to think. The people can then do anything they like with the Constitution; they can tear it up and write a new one, only provided they do it in a lawful manner. Thus you have government not of men but of law, according to the first American axiom.

Nevertheless, said Jefferson: "The natural progress of things is for liberty to yield and government to gain ground." That was happening. For ten years the Congress had been yielding ground; it had been delegating its law-making powers to the President, who in turn conferred them upon agencies and bureaus responsible not to the Congress but to him. Now the Congress is saying: "There may be no further extension of government by extra-legal means, nor shall the law be outwitted, for the foundations of this dwelling are thereby imperilled." The voice is not that of party or faction. It is the voice of representative government, and therefore the voice of the people. But the people do not hear their own voice clearly. It is not returned to them as it once was and as it

would be again if the newspapers reported the speeches and debates that now reveal a momentous, nostalgic movement taking place in the American mind.

III

One of the neglected debates occurred on the War Security Act. This was a law the Department of Justice wanted. It revised the Constitutional definition of treason. The Department of Justice urged its passage on the ground that the Constitution's definition of treason as an overt act which to be proved must have been witnessed, made it difficult for the government to deal with persons who were intending, or probably intending, to give aid and comfort to the enemy. Clearly, such a law could become an engine of persecution; extremely construed, it could suppress all criticism of the government.

The Congress was torn between its anxieties for the freedom of speech and its earnest desire to forestall acts of sabotage and treason. Intrinsically the debate was important and well worth the attention of anyone interested in the processes of free government; more than that, any dispassionate person who had followed it would be bound to admit, all disappoint-

ments notwithstanding, that when the American Congress begins to think for itself its legislative competence is perhaps as high as it ever was, wanting only the rhetorical elegance of a past time. And for all the hurts to its vanity it has suffered from the freedom of speech it so jealously defends, especially the freedom of newspaper speech, it was the House that amended the Act to read that it shall not be construed "to prevent any citizen or citizens or any newspaper or other publication at any time from freely discussing or openly criticising the domestic or foreign policies of the administration or the Federal government or of any public official."

That amendment was reported as news, along with the fact that the House passed the Bill. But the stormy debate, which ran for three days and was packed with matter basic to the idea of a representative government, was largely ignored. On whether or not to provide adequate punishment, including death, for persons guilty of acts hostile to the United States there was no argument. The dispute was on the dangerous aspect of the law — dangerous because it proposed that acts should be judged as treasonable or not according to intent. The debate turned largely on that word intent

— not only the intent of a person accused of treason but what the Department of Justice intended to do when it had such a law in its hands and what the intent of Congress had been in giving it that law. One purpose of the debate, therefore, was to make the record so clear that there could be no doubt afterward as to how Congress meant the law to work. Involved in this solicitude of Congress were the rights and freedoms which every individual takes for granted in his customary way of life. Yet no clear understanding of this was imparted in the news. Few citizens would have known from the news what the letter of the law was, much less the intent which is above the letter.

Even as this debate was taking place in the House, Senator Barkley, in the Senate, was defending the President for having issued an executive decree that was clearly contrary to the intent of Congress (and which Congress for that reason was going to annul) on the ground that the President probably did not know what the intent of Congress had been. This was the decree limiting salaries to \$25,000 a year after Federal taxes. The President had asked Congress to set the limit by law and Congress had refused; nevertheless, in a law that Congress

did pass there was a phrase under which the President took leave to do it himself by decree.

If the debate on the subject, especially the Senate debate, had been well reported and widely read it would have been impossible for the President to get away with his audacious retort. What the Congress had done, he said, when it cancelled his decree, was to freeze wages and to take the ceiling off big salaries. That was the last thing Congress aimed to do; in both fact and law it did not do that. Its position was fairly stated by Senator Taft, who said:

Today the tax on incomes of more than \$100,000 is 93 per cent. . . . If we want to go to 95 per cent let us go to 95 per cent; but I think it is fundamentally erroneous in principle — a principle which distinguishes communism and socialism from a free enterprise system — to undertake to say that there is a limit beyond which the salary or income of no one may go.

Some news is dull and dreary, and the dullest of all would seem to be the news of principle. One little wisecrack about “globaloney” is worth more in the news than a fight for principle. All the same, I submit that newspapers which editorialize day after day on democracy owe it to America to provide more adequate and more intelligent reporting of democracy in action.

► *This time more of the wounded
will be brought home alive.*

MEDICAL MIRACLES ON THE BATTLEFIELD

BY ALBERT Q. MAISEL

THE boys fighting this war face greater hazards than did their fathers before them. Modern war weapons are far more destructive; the scale and intensity of the present conflict are the greatest in history. But today's soldier, when he is hit, stands a much better chance of being restored to health and usefulness. Fortunately the new medical instruments and techniques — the weapons that save lives — have kept pace with the lethal weapons.

Already figures issued by our Army and Naval Medical Corps indicate the extraordinary potency of new therapeutic methods. In earlier wars, as many as 50 per cent of the wounded who reached hospitals never left them alive. Even in 1917-18, the death rate among hospitalized American troops still ran between 7 and 15 per cent. But at Pearl Harbor, 96 out of every hundred men who reached a hospital survived. In the Solomons,

despite the added handicap of the world's worst climate, the Navy Medical Corps has held the death rate down to an almost incredible 1 per cent! In Russia, where the scope of the fighting has provided wounded in numbers comparable to those of the last war, no less amazing declines in the death rate have been achieved. Deaths from stomach wounds are reported to have dropped by more than a third, as compared with World War I. Deaths from head, jaw and chest wounds dropped 50 per cent. Spinal wounds, almost always fatal in the last war, show an 80 per cent drop in the death rate. Despite the terrible conditions under which the Russian medical services have had to operate, they report an over-all death rate among the treated wounded of only 1.5 per cent.

This medical miracle cannot, of course, be ascribed to any single improvement. It represents the ap-

ALBERT Q. MAISEL has been a reporter on the New York Times, sales manager of an umbrella company, associate editor of *Packaging* and freelance writer on technical and scientific subjects. He is the author of *Miracles of Military Medicine*, recently published. He was born, educated and lives in Manhattan.

plication to military medicine of all the remarkable advances in the science of healing achieved in a generation. It represents, too, an amazing improvement in the techniques of evacuating the wounded. Doctors in our field and rear hospitals have been receiving a higher proportion of severely wounded men than military surgeons ever received before, because new drugs and new techniques of evacuation now make it possible to bring men into the hospitals who under past conditions would have died in the field. Reduction of the hospital death rate is therefore especially significant.

During the first World War, military surgeons spoke of the "golden period" — the eight hours, more or less, in which a flesh wound might be contaminated but would not yet become infected. If a soldier could be treated within this period, he stood a good chance of survival. Under the battle conditions of 1914-18, however, a large proportion of the men who were hit could not be evacuated even as far as a casualty clearing station within the golden period. Frequently men were not brought in for twenty-four and even forty-eight hours. Since then doctors have attacked this problem from both ends. At one end, they have mechanized the evacuation

services. Mobile hospitals now follow the fast moving troops and stay close to the actual fighting. Everything from jeeps to planes is used to rush men from the combat zone to the surgical table. More men are thus treated at an early stage than was ever before possible.

At the other end, medicine has succeeded in extending the golden period. Here, most of the credit must go to the sulfa drugs. Every American soldier going into action carries with him two small sulfa packets. One consists of twelve tablets in a little box so designed that it can be opened with only one hand. The men are carefully trained to take one of these pills immediately upon being wounded, or to give one to their wounded comrades. The second packet contains powdered sulfa crystals for dusting directly upon the wound. In combination, the two have the effect of holding infective bacteria at bay. Many a man trapped in a shell-hole for as long as forty-eight hours with the severest of wounds has been found upon examination to be in good condition and virtually free from infection, thanks to this new procedure.

No less important has been the new method of fighting shock, the post-traumatic reaction which once killed a large proportion of the men

who would not have died of their wounds alone. Shock is a complicated phenomenon which may roughly be described as a loss of plasma, the fluid part of the blood, out of the blood stream and into the wounded area. The remaining portion of the blood becomes thickened, and the heart of the wounded man is hard put to keep it in circulation. In the last war, we did already have a fairly well developed technique of blood transfusion. But this could be applied only under conditions difficult to meet upon the battle field. A donor of the proper blood group was essential.

Now medicine has eliminated the need for direct contact between donor and recipient. During the civil war in Spain, the "blood bank" proved its life-saving value, thousands of men being aided by blood transfusions at first aid stations and field hospitals. In the present war, medicine has gone a long step beyond that. Our Army and Navy now utilize dried, powdered blood plasma, packed in special kits, which can be carried by medical field troops. It is a relatively simple matter to reconstitute this preserved blood plasma in the open field of battle, and to provide a blood or plasma transfusion to a wounded man *before the effects of shock can set in*. The millions of us who give

our blood at Red Cross donation centers can be certain that every pint we give will almost certainly save a life. The reports now trickling back from North Africa indicate — as did the earlier reports from Pacific war areas — that plasma transfusions, given at the earliest possible moment after a wound is received, are among the most potent of all the new weapons in our medical arsenal.

II

Some types of war wounds are more severe in this war than ever before. Particularly is this true of burns which present a constant hazard in the air and tank corps and in naval warfare. More than 60 per cent of all injuries at Pearl Harbor were "flash burns" that covered and seared a man from head to foot. The amazingly low death rate among such cases is due almost entirely to the new plasma treatment.

While plasma transfusions soften the shock accompanying all burns, they cannot of themselves cure a burn. During the first World War, medicine had no single effective treatment for severe burns, which we would today consider as more than a crude palliative. Bicarbonate of soda dressings or salt solutions were used to cleanse the wound and

soothe the pain, and morphine was employed in severe cases. Oils of one sort or another were smeared over the burned areas. The French tried painting the burns with a coating of hot paraffin and a variation of the Carrel-Dakin solution. Yet time after time men died, not only from the burn itself, but quite as often from shock or from infection.

Today the military surgeon has a different problem. He must choose from among a dozen available methods, each of which is infinitely better than anything we have ever had before. One of the latest and most effective is the sulfadiazine spray, devised by Dr. K. I. Pickrell, an American. This, like the alternative tannic acid and triple dye sprays, forms a coating or eschar over the burned area, sealing it off from the air. Pain ceases immediately upon application. The sulfa content of the spray serves to fight off any infection which may already be present, and under the coating a new skin forms within a few days, as smooth and pink as that of a newborn child. Thus no longer will thousands of burned men return from the wars, physically scarred and distorted, and mentally wrecked.

One of the effective burn therapies of long ago consisted in submerging the patient in a warm salt

bath for days, until the burned area developed a new skin. This treatment was difficult to apply, even in civilian cases, for it required elaborate hospital equipment. Its military application was almost impossible, but a British Naval Surgeon, Commander John Bunyan, has worked out a unique way of bringing the bathtub to the man, when the man cannot be brought to the tub: an ingenious series of plastic treated silk envelopes, designed to fit over a hand, an arm, a leg or even the entire trunk of the body. Into these waterproof bags irrigating fluids can be flowed periodically. Encased within a Bunyan envelope, the wounded limb is kept free from infection and pain. Reports emanating from Britain indicate remarkable recovery records for the Bunyan method, although American surgeons still think that the spray methods are more efficient.

As for tropical diseases, our troops in the South Pacific, in India, and in Africa are better protected against them than any other soldiers have ever been. When the Japs conquered Malaya, they robbed the United Nations not only of vital sources of rubber, tin, oil, and hemp, but also of the world's chief source of quinine, the sole weapon against malaria, the most widespread and consuming of all human ailments.

Yet American troops are being well protected against malaria. Our factories are producing substantial quantities of two synthetic anti-malarial drugs, atabrine and plasmochin. They are not 100 per cent perfect, but neither was quinine. From all available reports they seem to be at least as effective as quinine, both when used prophylactically or therapeutically. An atabrine treatment requires the patient to take fifteen small pills over a period of five days. Usually, a soldier can continue his duties during the treatment. Armed with these two drugs, our army commanders can send troops into the worst malaria infested areas, knowing in advance that the disease will be kept under control, and will represent one of the least, rather than the greatest, of our sanitation and health problems.

III

In all previous wars disease killed many more men than died because of wounds. But today a host of diseases which once ravaged armies are either entirely controlled or reduced to insignificant proportions. One of the most spectacular of our victories has been the almost total elimination of tetanus as a menace of warfare. While it did not strike a

very large proportion of all the wounded, it often killed as high as 90 per cent of those infected with it, as in the American Civil War.

Until the first World War, tetanus cases were untreated. All the doctors and nurses could do was to ease pain with opiates, while they watched the creeping paralytic spasms, which finally brought death by asphyxiation. Even in the early months of the first World War, tetanus killed 90 per cent of its victims. After that, surgeons began to use a newly developed tetanus antitoxin as a routine injection for all wounded men. If they got it to the wounded fast enough, some at least were saved. The British cut their tetanus death rate to 50 per cent and the American armies in France succeeded in bringing it down to the then record low of 11 per cent.

Since 1918 tetanus toxoids have been developed. These can be injected into a man in anticipation of the hazard of battle. They confer upon him a long term immunity, lasting at least four years and sometimes much longer. The final proof of the efficacy of toxoid immunization came at the battle of Dunkirk, for the British had not made immunization compulsory. Nine-tenths of their troops had voluntarily taken the injections, but one-tenth chose to remain unimmunized. Condi-

tions were ideal for the development of tetanus. The wounded waited for hours, sometimes for days, before they could be evacuated by small boats. No one was surprised, therefore, when out of the 1800 men who had spurned immunization, a number developed tetanus — exactly as many as might have been expected according to the averages of the 1916-1917 campaigns fought on the same fields of Flanders. But among the 16,000 wounded men who had been immunized, worn and tired though they were to a point where all resistance was gone, not a single one developed the slightest signs of the disease. The toxoid worked 100 per cent!

A few weeks later, the Surgeon General of the U. S. Army signed an order adding tetanus toxoid to the list of compulsory inoculations given to every inducted man. All American troops are today inoculated against every disease they are likely to meet in the regions they will be sent to, and for which there is an effective toxoid. Preventive measures such as these will eliminate tens of thousands of deaths which were once taken for granted in warfare.

Other diseases which do not respond to inoculations are being combatted by the sulfa drugs. In

the last war we had 45,774 hospitalized cases of pneumonia, of whom more than 10,000 died. But sulfa drugs have cut the incidence of pneumonia to less than half of what it formerly was. For the remaining men who will still get the disease, the sulfa drugs hold out the promise of a death rate lower by 90 per cent than that of the last World War. The sulfa drugs have cut the number of patients, the length of their stay in the hospital, the development of complicating diseases, and the death rate to a point where pneumonia is now only a minor hazard of battle.

The achievements of the sulfa drugs in fighting other diseases have been even more spectacular. Gonorrhea crippled more than a quarter of a million soldiers in the U. S. Army during World War I, and they spent nearly four million days in hospitals. Today the Navy Medical Corps is dissatisfied because its latest sulfa treatment for gonorrhea does not cure *every* man within *less* than five days. Before this war is over, we may reasonably expect that the treatment of this disease will be reduced to such a routine matter that no man or woman will ever be incapacitated by it, and none will get the opportunity to pass on the infection.

In the twenty months of our par-

ticipation in the last war, over three and a half million men were hospitalized for diseases of one sort or another. More than 57,000 of them died, almost as many, in fact, as were killed in the field of battle or died of their wounds. The total number of days lost reached the astronomical figure of 62,681,428. At least thirty of these diseases, accounting for nearly one quarter of all the days lost and for a somewhat larger portion of the deaths, now respond to treatment with the sulfa drugs. Available reports indicate that the death rate from this group of diseases will in the months to come be cut to from one quarter to one half of what it was in the last war.

IV

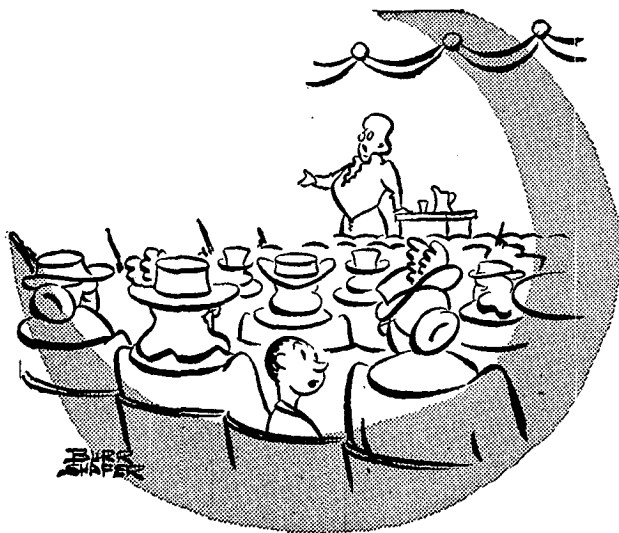
The newer medicine has many another life-saving trick up its sleeve. In the Air Corps new techniques for selecting qualified men have held deaths due to failure of the man in combat down to a minimum. Despite the tremendous expansion in the number of flying hours in our Air Corps, there is a substantial reduction in the accident rate, which can be ascribed quite as much to the efficiency of the flight surgeons' selection techniques as to the increased safety of

the planes themselves. Aviation psychiatry has served to keep our flying men in better trim and to ground all those who show the slightest sign of strain or emotional crack-up. But it has even gone beyond that. The aviation doctors have actually succeeded, time after time, in modifying man, and improving on nature in their struggle to keep up with the increasing demands placed upon the flyer by the modern war plane. Some of these new methods are familiar to all of us, as, for instance, the oxygen equipment which keeps the flyer's mental reactions at a high level in very thin atmospheres.

Others are less well-known. One problem that until recently troubled pursuit pilots was the flyer's version of the "bends," aero-embolism. For, if a flyer climbs too fast from the ground, the nitrogen normally in his blood will come out of solution, form bubbles and cripple him. The air doctors think they have solved this problem without forcing the engineers to cut the rate of climb of their planes. They do this by making the flyer begin inhaling oxygen some minutes before he takes off. Thus, when he climbs fast, he does so in a nitrogen desaturated condition which permits him to get much higher up much faster without any ill effects.

The list of the medical victories achieved by American, British and Russian surgeons and research workers within the last few years might be infinitely extended. Many of them will individually account for the saving of thousands of lives. Others are minor victories against some rare conditions or mere tricks of surgery or preventive medicine which in themselves do not amount to much. In the aggregate, however, they are of tremendous im-

portance, qualitatively as well as quantitatively. Where the old time army doctor cut and patched and hoped, our present day military surgeons work with a sureness and control that save lives and prevent diseases. Military medicine still has a long way to go before it reaches anything approaching perfection, but doctors are over the hump now, and for many a once hopeless case they can now promise a speedy and complete cure.



*"Mother, what's the masculine
of Congresswoman?"*

► *These new bootleggers
imperil nation's health.*

BLACK MARKET MEAT

BY GEORGE KENT

THE crisis in meat has blown back into our lives that unsavory ghost of the '20's — the bootlegger. After ten years of drought he is up and around and in the money and peddling a new kind of death and disease. He's in the black market and it promises to make the old alky and beer business seem a penny ante operation.

The set-up is perfect. Plenty of war workers' money around, and nothing to spend it on. A huge appetite for meat, and not enough of it. The packers estimate they could sell twenty billion pounds if they could get it, which is twice as much as the amount now on sale and much more than we have ever eaten before. The body of enforcement officers is small, and with the manpower shortage there is little prospect of improvement.

By fall, we are going to have less meat. The demands of the army and lend-lease will grow larger. The

shortage of feeds, breeding stock, farm labor and farm machinery will have made themselves felt. We're going to have to tighten our belts as we have never tightened them before. We're spoiled and crave steak and some of us don't care what it costs or how we get it.

Exactly how much meat is going into the black market cannot be stated accurately but there are a number of authoritative estimates. Secretary of Agriculture Wickard puts the figure at 20 per cent of the total cattle, hogs and sheep slaughtered.

When a Chicago reporter wrote that the city's housewives were spending one million dollars weekly for bootleg meat, the enforcement officer for the area, Raymond McKeough, said it was much too low an estimate. If the Chicago figures hold good throughout the country, the total take of the meat racketeers makes the prohibition take of

GEORGE KENT was formerly correspondent for the United Press in Paris and editor of an English-Portuguese newspaper in Rio de Janeiro. He has also been publicity director for various organizations, and at present is a freelance writer of magazine articles.

the rum runners look like chicken feed.

An executive high in the employ of one of the big packers estimated that from eight to nine million hogs and from five to seven million cattle were being slaughtered and sold in black market operations. This comes to about five billion pounds, roughly Mr. Wickard's figure.

The records of the American Meat Institute, an organization representing some 400 packing houses, show that receipts at the various livestock centers have fallen off as follows: hogs, 28 per cent; calves, 26 per cent; cattle, 12 per cent. An Institute spokesman said: "The missing livestock can be accounted for in one way only; they went to the black market."

Deprived of the normal flow of meat animals, legitimate packers by the score are being forced to the wall. A New England plant, for example, which handled from 1500 to 2000 calves per week is now dressing between 150 and 200. Another in Louisiana, which processed 700 cattle a week, is now handling fewer than 200. Tovrea's, which supplied all of Arizona and part of California, has been compelled to reduce its output 65 per cent as a direct result of black market operations.

The effect of such cutting down is to leave a large body of wholesalers and retailers without meat to supply their customers. They are faced with the choice of closing shop or going to the black market. They usually go to the black market.

II

The illegal traffic has already hurt the war effort. Secretary Wickard reports that shipments abroad of canned pork during December and January dropped from \$45,000,000 in 1941-2 to \$32,000,000 in 1942-3; of frozen lamb and lamb carcasses from \$4,000,000 to \$3,000,000. Camps on the Pacific Coast in this country, particularly in the Northwest, were forced to live for five weeks on lamb because the black racket had drained beef from the local markets.

Another straw in the wind, pointing to a new and drastic cut in civilian rations, is the almost 100 per cent increase in the slaughter of animals on the farms for home use. Farmers are permitted to slaughter for their own needs without restriction, and they have interpreted this as the right to kill for their hired hands, their friends and relatives.

It's the human thing to do but it

drains off large amounts from the total available to people living in towns and cities. There are six million farms in the country; if half of them kill one animal against a day of hunger, they withdraw from the market several billion pounds of meat.

The black market has remained pretty much unorganized so far. It consists chiefly of the operations of a swarm of greed-driven meat-dealers, farmers and racketeers.

The largest enterprise was broken up the other day when Pete Golas, once a liver peddler and before that a small time hoodlum, was indicted. Using Capone money, it is said, Golas muscled into the control of seven independent packing plants in the Middle West, and within the space of a few months made millions. In December alone, he engineered the illicit distribution of ten million pounds of beef and veal, collecting for it in overcharges alone \$2,000,000. One of Golas' lieutenants bragged, shortly after the arrest: "I can be fined \$1,000 every day of the week and still make money."

Golas' method was first to capture plants out of which to operate, then to outbid legitimate packers in buying every head of livestock he could lay his hands on, then ship the meat to such places as New

York and Philadelphia. There the meat was paid for at the ceiling price so that in every case an invoice properly made out was on record. But no one could get Golas' meat unless he paid heavily on the side.

As the black market develops this promises to become the pattern of operation. But in the meantime we have two types of operators, who more or less complement each other: one in the country who does the killing, the other in town — the outlet. The rural end may be a small town butcher who always did a little slaughtering and who, having found out how much money is to be made, is now killing ten to 100 times more than he did before. In Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, for example, there used to be forty slaughterers; now there are 105. He may be a farmer who has discovered he can make more money selling his animals slaughtered than alive. One said to me:

"I can butcher a beef at my farm, throw away the liver, the heart and the fore legs and still get 15 per cent more than for a live one."

In one Indiana town I know of, there were three butchers who in normal times depended upon an independent packer for their supplies. The packer went out of business. The butchers, frantically tele-

phoned and telegraphed and went personally to Chicago — but their shelves remained bare. Finally one of them drove out into the country in a small delivery wagon and returned with a carcass. He found it paid him to do this several times a week. Where once he did a bare third of the meat business he now does it all. At last reports, he was expanding and planning to sell meat in the next town. A typical black market success story.

The larger bootleggers drive from farm to farm, buying every animal that is for sale, paying cash. Delivery is at night and the bootleggers slaughter them where they may, by the road, in the woods, regardless of sanitation or inspection. The farmers don't mind selling their stock this way; there's no law against it.

A Pacific Coast packer reports that one day his crew of hog butchers didn't report for work. When they showed up the following day, he asked them where they'd been. "Working," they replied. And they had — for black operators at \$25 per day, each man.

In the range country of the West, cattle rustlers have returned, now equipped with high-powered rifles and fast trucks. In northern Arizona, thefts have increased 5 per cent; in Oregon and Texas, the

authorities are seriously alarmed. The rustlers stop their truck on the plain. Two or three of them shoot rapidly into a herd. Butchering in haste, the men toss the hind quarters into the vehicles, and they are off. The rest of the carcass is left on the ground for the buzzards and the coyotes.

III

Many of the men who used to run liquor are now turning to meat. The sheriff of a dry county in Georgia pursued a well-known bootlegger into a tavern, arriving in time to see the proprietor slip a bundle into the icebox. "Open it up," ordered the officer. The bundle was not whiskey but a haunch of red meat.

The bootleggers offer large bribes to everybody connected with the industry. One packer I know was offered a bonus of \$75,000 for a quantity of meat. Truck drivers carrying big loads of meat out of Cleveland have been stopped as they leave the city by men with impressive rolls of money offering to pay cash for all or part of their loads. The black mob often go boldly into the stockyards of a big market center and acquire cattle by outbidding the legitimate buyers. A favorite trick is to buy in young

range cattle at high prices, butcher them in an alley or nearby warehouse, and peddle the meat as veal.

From any viewpoint this prospect of a full-blown racket in meat is deplorable, but most frightening is its probable effect on health. Often the conditions under which the meat is slaughtered are incredibly bad. On a business trip between Chicago and Peoria, a friend of mine counted seven roadside slaughterers. Carcasses hung from trees and rude scaffolding and were covered with flies.

An enforcement officer reported finding freshly killed hogs dangling from a tree that shaded an old-fashioned privy. The ground was a mire of blood and offal. A dog was gnawing at a skull. Here, too, there were flies. "I'm not a doctor," said the officer. "But when flies, a privy and fresh meat get together, I know the answer."

Not long ago a cattle buyer in a Michigan market followed a truckload of steers to a garage near Detroit. Peering through a window he saw three men slaughter the beasts on a table set on the grimy earth floor. When one of the carcasses slipped off the table, the man working on it simply mopped off the grit with a dirty rag. Federal inspectors will often condemn meat

if it falls to the relatively immaculate floor of the killing room.

The other end of the racket is in the cities. The little men who run our butcher shops are quite as decent and law respecting as any other members of the community, but they are caught in a pincers, one jaw of which is the meat supply house or packer, the other the public; and they often have a simple choice of joining the black league and surviving, or of being honest and going under.

Their contribution is in the form of tips and bribes, camouflaged in one way or another, paid to the wholesalers or to packing house salesmen. Sometimes this takes the form of what is politely called a service charge, of from 25 cents to \$5 a hundredweight, which is nothing but graft under a fancy name. At other times, they are required to leave a deposit with each order "to make sure their account is kept in good running order." Depending upon the size of the butcher, this deposit will run anywhere from \$10 to \$450. The deposit is forgotten when the meat is delivered and the shopkeepers then pay the full ceiling price, over and above; thus the meatlegger takes his profit and at the same time is able to show investigators invoices legally correct.

Some packing house employes have been collecting in "tips," demanded without circumlocution, between \$2,000 and \$3,000 weekly. Meat truckers have been asking and getting \$25 a load for "service." The butchers have also accepted short weight.

The retailer can get his money back in one way only: he passes it on to you and me, the public. He may leave more fat on the ham or the chops, or mix an undue quantity of fat in your hamburger. He may also give you short weight. Hundreds of butchers arrested in New York and other cities were charged with a combination of short weight and ceiling violation.

Independent butchers who have gone black market have been making a great deal of money by overcharges which the Office of War Information calculates as averaging between 10 and 35 cents per pound. Many in New York City whose weekly turnover was never more than \$600 have been grossing \$2,500. Much of this has been at the expense of chain stores who, because they did not deal with the racketeers, did not receive enough meat.

Meat dealers may baldly suggest that they cannot afford to sell at the ceiling price and invite you to pay a higher figure, or they may keep the meat hidden until you in

desperation offer to "pay a little extra." There is already a great deal of back room and under the counter bootlegging. Delivery to the home, perhaps by men who do not even have the dignity of a shop, is the next step — and not too far off.

The crisis is approaching a point where something drastic must be done. If let go, it will get completely out of hand and become utterly incapable of solution.

The example of England may be helpful, although the problem there is simplified by the relative smallness of the country and the fact that 50 per cent of the meat is imported. The British system is to control the movement of meat from farm to consumer, punishing all offenders promptly and severely. All livestock is registered and farmers may not kill for home use. All slaughter must be done in government abattoirs. Wholesalers, truckers and shopkeepers can deal in meat only if licensed, and these licenses are withdrawn the moment the law is broken. Without a license a man cannot do business. The system works.

The first requisite of any attempt to do away with black market here must be a tough but equitable set of rules for governing the meat business from range and feed lot

through slaughterhouse to shopper, and providing quick, stiff punishment for offenders. OPA enforcement officials are now strangled in red tape.

The second and perhaps the only measure that can save the situation is to get housewives, as individuals and groups, to police the butcher shops. They must insist first that ceiling prices be observed; and second, that all meat carry the stamp of a licensed slaughterer.

Unstamped meat is black market meat, and not only illegal but dangerous to health.

An all-embracing system of regulation, simple enough to be understood by everybody, and enforced by the vigilance of American women, can break the black market. The people will accept any system of control if it is set before them in a way that appeals to their common sense and love of country.



PRO HOMINE MORI

BY DOROTHY LEE RICHARDSON

O God, let not the sacrament be wasted
On fish alone! Devoured is the bread
Of flesh, the wine as rich as ever tasted
Bubbles within the piscial mouth blood-red.
These died for vast stupidity to atone.
These died for men. O let not fish alone
Become inheritors of the valiant dead!

THE ORDEAL OF URIAH LEVY

BY JERRY RAND

IN Washington, D. C., there is a bronze statue of Thomas Jefferson. It was a gift to his country made by a naval officer who was hounded by intolerant colleagues nearly all his life long, but who returned their bigotry with an almost incredible forbearance. In the very midst of his persecution he purchased Monticello with the intention of deeding it to the government to be used as an agricultural school for the orphaned children of naval officers. The Civil War and legal technicalities stood in the way of his hopes. So he offered his estate to President Lincoln for any use he might wish to make of it. But he did not live long enough to see the successful conclusion of the war, which he looked upon as crucial in the history of the United States. His

case, which antedated the notorious Dreyfus Case by almost three-quarters of a century, is now largely forgotten, but it bears retelling for its timeliness today as well as for its intrinsic interest.

Written into the records of the United States Navy is this strange court martial verdict: "Guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer but not of a gentleman." It was rendered against Lieutenant Uriah Levy. The charge was: "That he offered to waive rank and fight a duel and that in the presence of officers and crew of the Sloop-of-War *Cyane*, he invited Lieutenant Ellery to fight a duel." The court saw fit to temper its punishment by adding this clause: "The sentence was rendered thus mild in consequence of the provocation to be found in the highly improper

JERRY RAND, now on the editorial staff of the New York Sun and formerly the editor of an Oklahoma daily, grew up on the campus of Amherst College, where his father "taught, lectured and preached until his Civil War injuries incapacitated him." Before his birth both his parents had been Baptist missionaries in Burma. It was from a rabbi, a friend of his father's, that he first heard about Uriah Levy, and the memory, he writes, came back to him in the early 'twenties "when the Klan beast got loose in the land." Since then he has been digging into the fascinating life story of "the American Dreyfus."

conduct of Lieutenants Ellery and Spencer, which the court could not consent to pass over without the marked expression of its disapprobation."

Uriah Levy was a Jew. His maternal grandfather, despite advanced age, had turned musketeer to battle for the cause of the colonists in the Revolution. Uriah was born in Philadelphia in 1792. By the time he was ten he had decided upon the sea as his career. Michael and Rachel Phillips Levy had not reared their boy to be a sailor. They were of the land, but Uriah had his way. Starting as cabin boy, he became a familiar figure on coastwise vessels during the next four years. He was always studying the sea, the stars, the ships and the men with dead seriousness. And he was always saving money. After a time, he placed himself under an apprenticeship to John Coulter, a Philadelphia merchant who agreed to sponsor him in a course in navigation. He studied in the "best naval school" in the City of Brotherly Love.

Convinced of his own seaworthiness, Levy put his savings in a pool and acquired an interest in a schooner of which he was made master — at the age of eighteen! His pride had found its touchstone. His schooner was the *George*

Washington. Up to now Levy had learned his lessons well. All but one. That was to be learned by bitter experience.

The young skipper had reckoned without the perfidy of man. He signed up a crew of pirates. While he was ashore at the Isle of May his mate and crew sailed away with his ship. With it went twenty-five hundred Spanish dollars and a cargo of Teneriffe wine. Left high and dry, a sailor in a strange land, he was forced into the British service. Levy managed to get his case before the authorities and was released. He worked his way back to the United States, found an underwriter, set out in search of the hoodlums who had robbed him, captured them and delivered them over to the authorities in Boston. The ringleaders were hanged. His accomplishments were talked about in maritime circles.

Now he was really ready to climb. The auspices were shaping up. We were at war with Great Britain. He enlisted in the young American navy and was commissioned a sailing master, but not in line of promotion. His first assignment was with the famous brig *Argus*. William H. Crawford had been designated as our minister to France. The *Argus's* mission was to run the British blockade and de-

liver him there. Shared dangers cemented strong ties between the minister and the young sailing master. Crawford knew important people, one of whom was the Marquis de Lafayette. An unsolicited letter of introduction couched in words of warm praise found its way into Levy's pocket. It was the start of an enduring friendship between Lafayette and the American.

Headed for home, the *Argus* went in for a bit of cruising at the expense of England. Shipping worth millions was sent to the bottom. One prize fell intact into the Americans' hands. Levy was put in charge of it. The *Argus*, however, had hardly lost itself over the horizon when a British frigate hove in sight. The prize was redeemed and Levy was made a prisoner. The next day his former shipmates joined him. The *Argus*, too, had fallen into British clutches. For all hands there was no more freedom until after the war.

II

Confinement brought pause for reflection and plan casting. Levy had given his best to his country, and had earned promotion. There was a rule in the navy that "masters of extraordinary merit and for extraordinary services may be pro-

moted to lieutenants." He proceeded under that rule. Stephen Decatur, David Porter, John Rogers and Charles Stewart willingly sponsored him.

He entered his application and his claims. Thereupon a storm broke. For the first time he recognized the portents. Among line officers opposition to the advancement of a Jew took the form of a protest. To promote Levy, they claimed, would be a wrong to older midshipmen. But the word of Decatur and others, and the written record, could not be overlooked. He was now Lieutenant Levy. Though the price had been high, it was only a token of what was to come. The year was 1817.

The first assignment under the new commission was with the *Franklin*, seventy-four guns, under Commodore Stewart. If Levy had been tolerated as a sailing master in war time, the checks were off now in time of peace. The poison of ostracism permeated the atmosphere in which he walked. He was alone among hundreds of his fellow men. When he was ordered to duty on another frigate, the captain would not receive him. From Commodore Stewart, this order went to Captain William M. Crane:

Lieutenant Uriah Levy will report to you for duty on board the frigate

United States under your command. It is not without regret that a second order is found necessary to change the position of one officer in this squadron.

When ostracism failed to break the spirit, the court martial was brought into play. A petty officer disputed Levy's right to order a wardroom boy to clear off a table, and hurled epithets. Levy defended his prerogative and insisted that discipline must be maintained. Emboldened by the attitude of his superiors, the petty officer heaped up insults and Levy struck him. A lieutenant who ranked Levy attempted to reprimand his fellow officer in the crew's presence. Levy protested that he was not to be called to account in that manner. Out of the incident developed charges incredibly preposterous. The court martial tried Levy for "disobedience of orders, contempt of his superior officers and unofficial conduct in that he struck a petty officer." The verdict was "guilty" and another strange judgment was entered on the navy records: "That he [Levy] was to be dismissed, not from the navy but from the Frigate *United States* and not be allowed again to serve on board her, and to be publicly reprimanded by the commander-in-chief." Commodore Stewart quickly disapproved the findings.

Another court sat in solemn judgment on a charge that "the said Levy was addicted to the vice of lying." The grounds as usual were flimsy and the evidence fantastic. A wardroom boy's conflicting stories about a boat which was to carry Lieutenant Levy ashore was at the base of the charges. The veracity issue was gossamer thin. The verdict again was "guilty" and this was the sentence: "That the said Levy be cashiered out of the naval service of the United States and that this sentence be carried into full and complete effect as soon as the same be approved by the President of the United States." The President was James Monroe. He disapproved the sentence. Lieutenant Levy was cleared, but more than ever alone.

He lived from day to day in anticipation of the next ordeal. The intolerants were broadening their field of operations. They hatched a multi-pronged indictment based on no evidence at all or on evidence ludicrously thin, charging "scandalous conduct, using provoking and reproachful words, gestures and menaces, ungentlemanly conduct, forgery and falsification." The court not only listened but convicted on the scandalous conduct and reproachful words charges, and acquitted on the others. The

court did take note, however, of "the great provocation" given by the prosecutor, yet Levy was sentenced to be publicly reprimanded.

Next came a far more serious charge. While Lieutenant Levy was in command of the gunboat *Revenge* engaged in pursuit of La-Fitte, the Barataria pirate, a Spanish sloop-of-war appeared on the horizon. The Spaniard opened fire without warning. The pygmy was at the giant's mercy. Lieutenant Levy wasted no time in conference or deliberation. He lowered a boat and sent an officer with his commission on board the Spaniard as evidence of his rights within West Indian waters. The Spaniard apologized verbally and the *Revenge*, unscathed and flag unsullied, went on her way. The intolerants quickly concocted the ludicrous charge of cowardice. This time they had gone too far. The whole matter was quashed by executive action and the Secretary of the Navy was instructed to inform Lieutenant Levy that "his forbearance was greater than his duty required and he would have been justified in resenting the attack." Even the court had been moved to find that "Lieutenant Levy had been cool and collected and in no respect manifested a want of personal courage."

III

For a full quarter of a century Levy had fought a one-man war against a foe which knew no rules of ethics and was bound by no principles. He merited promotion but it hadn't come. As a lieutenant he had stood on one rung of his ladder so long that his hopes were fading. But in 1837 he was made a commander and looked forward to a captaincy.

But bigotry had more tricks up its sleeve. Three years after the event, a disgruntled officer fabricated a charge of "scandalous and cruel conduct unbecoming an officer." A seaman had been accused of insubordination by Commander Levy. Except for its tragic aspects, the case fitted snugly into a Gilbert and Sullivan pattern. One of the allegations was that the subordinate had tweaked the Commander's nose and that instead of inflicting summary punishment under the rules then in vogue, the Commander had simply charged the offender with insubordination. Another allegation was cruelty, preposterous on its face in view of Commander Levy's campaign to abolish the established practice of flogging in the navy. The court martial verged on travesty. The testimony was elaborate. It was proved that the Levy nose was untouched and that

the Levy fist had put to rout the gang of hoodlums who were egging on the tweaker. A lump of tar placed on another offender's back, a handful of feathers stuck in it to give point to the symbolic lesson, was at the base of the cruelty charge. Levy's explanation was that the offender had been fond of mocking people. With the tar and feathers he had made a parrot of the sailor. The "punishment" had lasted five minutes. The tar was removed, the offender congratulated himself on his escape from a flogging and joined in the general laughter. But the court ordered Commander Levy's dismissal from the service. John Tyler was now President. His reasoning, if any, is not clear. He mitigated the sentence to suspension for a year without pay.

There is evidence that Levy was kicked upstairs into a captaincy in 1844. Thereafter, for a full decade, his career remained static in spite of frantic endeavors to obtain the command to which he was entitled. He was refused a chance to take part in the war with Mexico. The government decided to send a shipload of food to Ireland's famine-stricken people. Captain Levy applied for command of the ship and offered to turn over his pay to the charity. Washington ignored him.

In 1855 the star chamber Shubrick Board came into existence. Its purposes then and subsequently were variously interpreted. It was regarded in some quarters as a purging bureau. It applied the axe wherever it found the chopping to its taste. It selected its own victims. In September of that year, Captain Levy received the following letter from the Secretary of the Navy:

The Board of Naval Officers assembled under the act to promote the efficiency of the navy, approved Feb. 28, 1855, having reported you as one of the officers who should, in their judgment, be stricken from the rolls of the navy, and the finding of the board having been approved by the President, it becomes my duty to inform you that accordingly your name is stricken from the rolls of the navy

Respectfully, your obedient servant,
J. C. DOBBINS.

Franklin Pierce was the President, but Captain Uriah Levy at sixty-three was still in a mood to fight, and his spirits were by now wound-proof. He submitted his case in the form of a memorial to Congress and called on Benjamin F. Butler to defend him. Washington meanwhile was hearing from the people. Their voice cried for fair play. Another Board was ordered to review Captain Levy's record. The intolerants lost again. Levy's rank and emoluments were

restored and he returned to active service. He was commissioned as flag officer of the Mediterranean squadron. When he returned to New York on the eve of his retirement, he was hailed as "Commodore Levy, a valiant officer."

Age had almost outpaced him in his slow progress toward the goal he had set for himself. If there was rancor in his heart there is no record that he ever voiced it. But in a moment of reflection not long before his death he put on paper some thoughts that measured the burden his heart was carrying:

My parents were Israelites and I was nurtured in the faith of my ancestors. In deciding to adhere to it, I have but exercised a right guaranteed to me by the Constitution of my native State and of the United States, a right given to all men by their Maker, a right more precious to each of us than life itself. But while claiming and exercising this freedom of conscience, I have never failed to acknowledge and respect the like freedom in others. I might safely defy the citation of a single act in the whole course of my official career injurious to the religious rights of any other person.

Remembering always that the great mass of my fellow citizens were Christians, profoundly grateful to the Christian founders of our Republic for their justice and liberality to my long persecuted race, I have earnestly endeavored, in all places and circumstances to act up to the wise and tolerant spirit of our political institutions. I have therefore been careful to treat every Christian under my command with exem-

plary justice and ungrudging liberality. . . . I have to complain — more in sorrow than in anger do I say it — that in my official experience I have met with little to encourage, though much to frustrate, these conciliatory efforts. At an early day, and especially from the time when it became known to the officers of my age and grade that I aspired to a lieutenancy, and still more after I had gained it, I was forced to encounter a large share of the prejudice and hostility by which, for so many ages, the Jew had been pursued. I need not speak to you of the incompatibility of these sentiments with the genius of Christianity or the precepts of its Author.

Shortly after he put these sentiments on paper he died — on March 22, 1862, in New York City — but not before he had donated to his country a bronze statue of Thomas Jefferson, offered his entire estate to President Lincoln for use in the prosecution of the Civil War, and fathered the law, as it is recorded on his tombstone in Cypress Hills Cemetery, "for the abolition of the barbarous practice of corporal punishment in the United States Navy."

In the records of the Navy his name ranks high as "a courageous and humane officer and a fervid patriot." It is time that the general public also knew about him, and certainly there is no more appropriate period to recall his career than in this war for the principles of a free, democratic society.

CLIMATE MAKES THE MAN

BY CLARENCE A. MILLS

HUMAN ability and accomplishment rise high in the earth's cool climates; people express an undeniable lusty vigor. In other regions, those blanketed by depressive moist heat, men are more complacent or passive and life flows on at a leisurely pace. Varying racial heritages account for part of this contrast. Infectious and parasitic diseases greatly exaggerate the tropical handicap. Excessive rainfall and leaching of the soil interfere with the production of wholesome foods to sustain physical vigor. But overlying all such factors is the influence climate exerts directly upon man himself.

Ellsworth Huntington first put forward the well-supported thesis that climate does indeed influence and direct the course of human progress. The writer's contribution to the subject has been to explore how climate accomplishes these effects — to detail the mechanism

of its action on body and mind.

In order to understand this action, one must consider the human body as a machine. Its working efficiency is about the same as that of a good motor: both waste roughly three-quarters of their combustion energy in using the other quarter. Because this unused energy must be given off as waste heat, an effective cooling system is needed for its rapid dissipation. It is here that climatic dominance has its roots. Unless this heat can be given off readily, the body must either bank its fires or face a rise in internal temperature. In the automobile motor, temperatures may rise two hundred degrees without much damage; but in the delicate human machine, just a little fever may produce serious trouble.

The blood in our vessels brings the body heat out to the skin surfaces for dissipation in much the same manner as water circulating

CLARENCE A. MILLS has been professor of experimental medicine at the University of Cincinnati since 1930. He is the author of eighty-odd articles in scientific journals and of three books, *Living With the Weather*, *Medical Climatology*, and *Climate Makes the Man*. The last book is the basis of his present article.

around an automobile engine. For brief periods of stress, however, we have an additional means of heat loss — the evaporation of sweat — which permits us to continue physical exertion even in very warm surroundings. Since it is not natural to continue voluntarily with a vigor which calls for free perspiration over any long period of time, a person tends to reduce his efforts to the point where other avenues of heat loss can care for his needs.

Thus it is that man and other warm-blooded animals reduce their activity and internal combustion rates as rising outside temperatures make body heat loss more difficult. Middle temperate regions of the earth seem to provide our bodies with most nearly the proper ease of cooling for highest vitality. There growth is most rapid, development most accelerated, resistance to infection highest, and energy for thought or action most abundant.

In the moist heat of tropical lowlands, or in the severe summer heat waves of cooler lands, the tissue fires burn less brightly and life is reduced more nearly to the vegetative level. Health loses its buoyant, lusty quality and assumes a more negative or passive character. Lowered body resistance allows infectious diseases to run rampant.

(Northerners are fortunate that this lowered vitality in summer heat is accompanied by freedom from sudden storm changes, otherwise respiratory diseases would prove more deadly.)

The age-old belief in the early tropical maturity of girls is now known to be untrue. It may well have held for mankind twenty thousand years ago when present middle temperate latitudes had polar climates and optimal conditions for man were to be found only in the outer tropical or subtropical lands. Kentucky then had a climate like Greenland's today, with the crackling, grinding edge of the enormous ice sheet lying just across what is now the Ohio River. Medical literature of the last two thousand years has carried along this fallacy of early tropical maturity, so its origin may indeed date back to the last Ice Age.

Growth today is most rapid and maturity earliest in the cool climates of middle temperate latitudes. Nowhere do girls begin their sexual cycles so early as in the upper half of the Mississippi basin or in northern France. Experimental animals have thoroughly verified this quickening effect of cool surroundings. The matter is no longer one of conjecture or blind belief. The menses of girls

begin at the age of fourteen or fifteen in tropical lowland heat, with fertility coming on at an average age of about eighteen; in temperate coolness, the corresponding ages are approximately thirteen and fifteen.

Domestic livestock is just as much affected as are people by depressive heat and stimulating coolness. Hogs, which reach the 200-pound slaughter size in six to seven months in Iowa or Illinois, take fifteen months in Panama and that represents almost their full growth in the tropics. In cool climates, they may go on to four hundred or five hundred pounds. The Iowa or Dakota steer will reach the 1000-pound size in fifteen to eighteen months, while four to five years are required on tropical ranches. The slow-growing tropical meats are tough and lower in B vitamin content than are the tender, juicy cuts from temperate zone animals. This may in part be due to the poor quality of the coarse tropical grasses or to a leaching out of vital minerals by the heavy rainfall.

As it happens, a deficiency of B vitamins in tropical meats is doubly unfortunate, since the body's requirement for certain of these vitamins is highest in hot environments. Several of the B vitamins act as combustion catalysts in the

cells, making possible the burning of glucose and the liberation of adequate energy to run our vital machinery. They are, in this respect, somewhat analogous to the tetra-ethyl lead added to quicken the burning of gasoline in automobile motors. Without them we weaken and die; with them, in optimal amounts, we are most healthy.

Animals subjected to continuous heat do best when their food contains twice as much thiamin (B_1) as is needed for optimal response in the cold. Certain other B fractions are also needed in larger amounts in the heat. Yet tropical meats are deficient in these very substances; thus people in hot climates, especially in need of these vitamin catalysts, face a two-fold handicap.

II

These drawbacks of hot environments apply not only to people in equatorial lands, but also to people of the southern United States, where stagnant heat holds sway there for five months of every year. There is today a growing interest in nutritional problems of the South—not just in the prevention or cure of vitamin deficiency diseases, but in the steps necessary to give the people optimal health. Unfortunately, too

many medical scientists have focussed their attention upon deficiency diseases rather than on the means of maintaining good health.

Tropical man — well over half the human race — faces many disadvantages from living under his eternal blanket of depressive moist heat. Nutritional discoveries which free him from these hindrances, or lessen their retarding influences, may do much to lift such population masses out of their low estate. To eliminate their indolence, filth and disease will call for energy; and that energy can come to them only from a more active burning of glucose in their body cells. Tropical people will approach the levels of temperate zones more rapidly only when their vital machinery is brought to optimal functioning.

The coolness of temperate lands offers man his chance for a most active existence because proper ease of heat loss favors a rapid combustion in the tissues and a high head of working energy. Vitality runs high in all its aspects. There is also a dark side to the picture, however, for in these regions the stress of activity becomes too great for our bodies to stand. Signs of exhaustion and breakdown appear, involving particularly those parts of the body carrying the load of supporting the tissue fires. Most in-

volved in this breakdown is the vascular system (heart and blood vessels) which must carry all food and oxygen to the cells. High blood pressure, arteriosclerosis and heart failure are decidedly more common in people of the earth's stimulating climates than in tropical residents of similar age. Only in stimulating climates does acute exhaustion occur in the bone marrow and other tissues where the red cells are produced, resulting in the disease known as pernicious anemia.

Another disease, diabetes — which represents (so far as we now know) a breakdown in the body's ability to change foods into the special kind of glucose needed by the tissue fires — is also worse in these same regions and of little moment among tropical populations. Exhaustion occurs also in other body organs concerned with keeping up food burning in the cells. This combustion is most rapid in the brain and nervous tissues — perhaps explaining the high rate of nervous breakdown among energetic populations.

III

The action of climate upon man is not represented only by this dominance over tissue combustion. Storms and sudden weather change

provide another factor of great importance. Certain large areas of the earth have great turbulence of the atmosphere, with frequent and sharp weather changes; other regions are always calm and placid. Most of North America falls into the stormy category; it is the most tempestuous of all continents. Only in the plateau and desert regions of Mexico and the Southwest is there freedom from storms.

Just how changeable weather brings on respiratory and rheumatic infections is not known, but it seems a fact that colds, sinusitis, pneumonia and rheumatic troubles are worst in the stormy regions of the earth and during the most stormy seasons of each year. Body chilling, as the rains fall and temperatures drop, is probably an important factor, but there is ground for suspecting that the rise and fall in barometric pressure also plays a part. Body tissues tend to take up water and swell as outside pressures decline. Such swelling interferes with their function and perhaps opens the way for infections to start in the throat, where disease-producing organisms constantly lurk.

Each sudden weather change brings its crop of colds and other respiratory infections through the colder half of the year, while such

illnesses remain at a minimum through the calm warmth of summer. It is this lessening of the storms, and not the more plentiful sunlight of the summer months, which brings us freedom from colds and other respiratory troubles. Actually our tissues and white blood cells fight infection best in winter cold, when their combustion rate is highest. Were northern winter storminess to be inflicted suddenly upon a tropical population, there would be a holocaust of pneumonia deaths. Even active northerners are hard hit by the first few cold waves of autumn.

The disturbances brought by pressure changes do more than bring on infectious attacks. People think less clearly on days of falling pressure and are then more likely to become despondent and attempt suicide. Cloudy mental functions at such times lead to feelings of futility and frustration and these in turn to an increased irritability which causes us to snap and snarl on slight provocation. Domestic quarrels and short tempers in the home lead to real bitterness on the falling pressure evenings before a storm. A knowledge of these facts and a small measure of forbearance at such times would add greatly to peace at home and abroad. (Domestic animals show this same increased

restlessness and irritability before a storm; it is best to restrict the petting of strange dogs or cats to the clear, cool days of rising pressure).

In the energizing climates of middle temperate latitudes, the seasons bring changes almost as great as the differences between temperate and tropical regions. Energy and vitality rise high through the months of winter cold and are subdued by summer heat; this is most strikingly true during the summer, when severe heat settles over the country for weeks at a time. People then tend to become distinctly more "tropical" in their reactions.

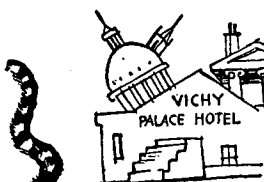
This seasonal swing in the vigor and vitality of human beings carries over into their offspring, for children conceived during the cooler half of the year are more vigorous, more likely to secure a college education and achieve success in life. As Huntington and Peterson have shown, the names of persons conceived in the winter and spring months largely fill the pages of *Who's Who*. Such persons live to a riper old age and leave a more lasting imprint on human affairs.

The mind is affected fully as

much as the body through these environmental influences over combustion. Intelligence and aptitude tests of college students in middle temperate latitudes result in sharply lower ratings (30-40 per cent) if the tests be given in summer heat; but in such northern states as Minnesota, Wisconsin and Maine, similar classes of summer students show no such slump. Even mid-winter testing in the South gives results about 25 per cent below those of the North, but much of this may be due to the more backward educational system in the South and the migration of the better students to Northern colleges. However, experimental animals raised in warm surroundings show this same mental sluggishness. The matter seems beyond question and its significance in life should receive due appreciation.

No matter what one's family or racial heritage, the climatic background of his life will always be acting to vivify and encourage his efforts or to smother him into sluggish passivity and complacency. Here lies a truly dominating force for mankind; to a considerable extent, climate really does make the man.

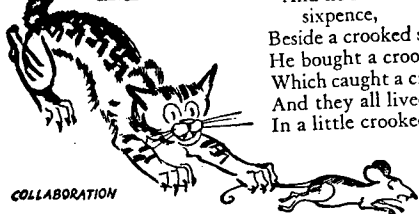




VICHY
PALACE HOTEL

There was a crooked man,
And he walked a crooked mile,
And he found a crooked
sixpence,
Beside a crooked stile.
He bought a crooked cat,
Which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together
In a little crooked house.

COLLABORATION



LAVAL



PAVELICH



HORTHY

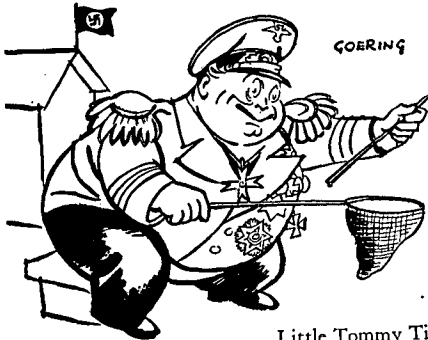


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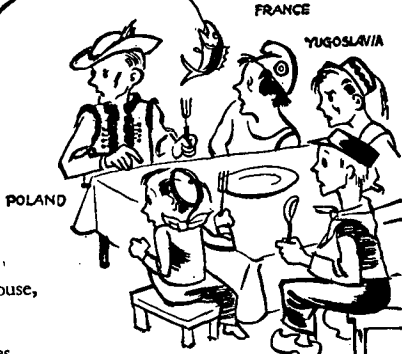


Three blind mice!
Three blind mice!
See how they run!
See how they run!

They all ran after the farmer's wife,
She cut off their tails with a carving knife,
Did you ever see such a thing in your life
As three blind mice?



GOERING



FRANCE

YUGOSLAVIA

POLAND

Little Tommy Tittlemouse,
Lived in a little house,
He caught fishes
From other men's dishes.

Derzo & Helen

► *Authoring for Sunday School
papers is no bed of roses.*

FOR GOD AND THE KIDDIES

BY DORIS McFERRAN

FOR two years I earned my living from God and the kiddies. I wrote for the Sunday School magazines. I suppose you'll tell me there are harder ways to make a living. How would I like to be a ditch-digger, for instance, or one of the fellows who keep the geography textbooks up to date? Well, give me a shot at either of those jobs and watch me pitch in. But take, oh take, those kids away!

Don't mistake me. I hold no brief against God and the kiddies, separately or collectively. My venom is for the Sunday School publications and what they do to the kiddies, through God, via writers. Miss Moss, who occasionally types for me, once remarked that the titles of these magazines alone were enough to "norsheate" her. *Boy's Mate*, *Our Little Folks*, *Girlhood Days*, *Dew Drops*, *Onward*, *Forward* (no *Upward?*), *Shining Light*, *Wee Wisdom*, *Two-to-Teens*, and a cavalcade of others, ad norsheum . . . these are the organs that pay off in the God-and-the kiddies racket.

If not a racket, it's at least a gigantic hush-hush conspiracy against that wicked old suggestion that life is real, life is earnest. You're not supposed to guess this while you're a kiddie, and if you read the Sunday School magazines you're going to remain a kiddie for a long time—from the day you start lisping to the time the government says you can vote, and much later too, unless somebody gives you a good earmarked copy of *Rabelais* on your thirtieth birthday. Because, after you graduate from the *Wee Wisdom* class, there's *Young America*, *Young People's Weekly*, and two or three dozen companion horrors from the editorial sanctums of the major denominations, to say nothing of the holier-than-thou non-sectarians.

These will keep you so nicely doped on sweetness and light, you'll never know there's a Hitler. You may never discover Sex. You'll keep right on getting your vicarious thrills for years out of come-on lines like these: "Ann should have suspected Bill. She knew he was an

old tease." If you do happen to stumble on Sex by accident, you may very well end up by asking the Christian Life Clinic to help you solve this type of psychological puzzler: "Dear Clinic: Yesterday my sister and I had a quarrel and I was miserable about it. Yet last night a boy friend didn't even notice that anything was wrong. Does that indicate that he would make a self-centered husband?"

A recent issue of the *New Yorker* quoted this little gem from Writers' Markets and Methods.

Young America, 32 E. 57th St., N.Y.C. is interested only in short stories of around 1,200 words, to appeal to boys and girls between the ages of 8 and 18. Stories should be strongly plotted. No bloodshed, no gangsters, no love interest, no crime.

Commented the *New Yorker*, "Just sheer plot. Right?"

But the requirements of *Young America* are positively earthy, not to say a bit suggestive, compared with the restrictions laid down by some of its snootier cousins and shirttail relations in the field of juvenile improvement. The Sunday School editors have more taboos than the Polynesians and the way they feel about violations puts the tossing of a South Sea Island sinner into the handiest volcano somewhat in a class with a snappy round of croquet on a Saturday

afternoon at Battle Creek. God's in His heaven, all's right with the world, gentle reader. Any author who wants to dispute that can just take his wicked ideas to some other publication!

It is *verboden*, just for a starter, to mention hunting or fishing in some of these magazines. That's killing off the birdies and the beasties and the fishies of the streamies. No reference may be made to the radio, unless, of course, an uplifting program happens to be on the air. None of your swing music! The theatre? Fie upon it! What nice-minded Sunday-schooler would go to the theatre or even read about it? The movies are tempting only to souls well beyond the pale of redemption. Asking a girl to dance is pretty much like inviting her to week-end in the mountains without benefit of clergy. If you're suggesting that someone should be your Valentine, the safest bet is your own mother. You can really go to town with Mom:

*Hearts are hanging out today
On every fence and line.
My heart is here at home to stay;
Mother, you're my Valentine.*

The life processes? There are none in Sunday School land. No blessed events take place in this rarified cosmos, no bundles of joy are anticipated, no tiny garments

knitted *a priori*. Babies as babies are fine; as foeti they are unmentionable. The little shavers may burst into print only after they have been brought around in the doctor's black bag or discovered beneath the gooseberry bush. How they grow is another of the unmentionables. The traditional method of feeding little Willie would send a Sunday School editor into a paroxysm of embarrassment. Infants presumably get their vitamins and calories by osmosis.

Their elder brothers and sisters evidently get Romance in the same way, since most of the editors refuse to acknowledge the thing called love. No holding hands with Susie Mae, or mentioning that the moon is mighty bright tonight, the stars are awful pretty. But two young people of complementary sexes may walk to Young People's Meeting together, as long as a crowd of other happy, healthy-in-mind-and-body youngsters are going the same way. It doesn't matter much whether they're boys or girls anyhow. In the Sunday School universe, there is no fundamental difference between the sexes. Male and female are built alike beneath their navy-blue shirtwaist dresses and well-pressed trousers.

It goes without saying that slang is strictly frowned upon. So is

profanity, although your idea of a cussword is liable to differ slightly from the notions of Editor Esmeralda Brassplatz on the same theme. An inadvertent "Geel!" will bring Esmeralda into the editorial waiting room with a washrag and soap to teach you authors a good lesson! This kind of discipline may keep you stymied, for a while, on exclamations of surprise, anger or delight. But just leave it to the blue pencil to solve anything like that! I remember getting one Hector Something-or-other into a dreadful pickle (from which I duly extricated him, of course, covered with glory for the happy ending). However, there was Hector, his airplane damaged in the Arctic wastes, the typhoid serum, so desperately needed at Juneau, in his knapsack. Said Hector, in the first version, "Gosh!" But the editors sent him to press exclaiming "Something must be done!"

II

The world is no fairyland to most of the kids you and I know. They're pretty hard-headed, these youngsters of 1943. They understand that we're fighting a war; they play at shooting down Nazi planes with toy anti-aircraft. They've learned about murder and arson and kid-

napping from the Sunday comics and the radio serials. They go to the movies where, likely as not, they see the hero outwitting the vicious strategy of some Axis agent. Then they go home and pick up a copy of *Wee Wisdom*. I can see them trying to figure out where Esmeralda Brassplatz got *her* education!

I once received an order for a set of four pictures illustrating a typical juvenile story. The scene was supposed to depict some sort of cheerful, homey activity for the younger tots on a rainy afternoon. I phoned a children's dancing school for models, hired a photographer, borrowed a puppy, and rounded up various props. For three hours we posed the models in the dancing school office, in the act of making a bed for Towser. We had to throw away a dozen plates, but we finally made four shots. The magazine rejected them because the wall we had used for a background happened to have upon it, unnoticed in the painful struggle, that good old household print entitled "Morning," which, if you recall, includes several lightly-clad ladies waiting for Apollo to get out of bed and go about his business.

I recall another sample of Sunday School editorial suspiciousness. I once dramatized some bright feat accomplished by an advanced small

boy of my acquaintance. The manuscript was greeted with all the joy accorded a case of adolescent acne. Esmeralda and her handmaidens simply didn't believe the story. They demanded proofs. Wounded, I gathered up the little tyke and whistled him up for a call on the editor. I told him what I'd written about him and asked, "Now, Dickie, you did do that, didn't you?" Dickie smiled a cherubic smile. "Hell, yes," he assured the editor pleasantly, thus denying himself the immortality of print. It did my heart good. Dickie, I have a feeling, would have snickered good and hard at a story called *Cigarettes Did It*. In this one, the men from the booby-hatch come to take away the little boy next door. Poor little fellow's off his rocker . . . got that way through smoking.

Maybe I'm wrong, but I doubt that any football player, however Christian in heart, ever said what Bill, the halfback, says in another spicy tale culled from the same magazine. "That left tackle from Iron City can't stand much more. He's going to get hurt if we keep hammering him. He's a game player. I'll leave it up to him." Milk-of-human-kindness for the erudition of the little folks? Not entirely. Examine this next

excerpt, lifted out of *Alias The Shrimp*, a rampant drama of the old West. Says Jed, "Dust! It's going to ruin all the waterholes this side of the river. Where's your Dad? I must talk to him." His pal replies, "But you can't, Jed. That outlaw steer in the corral trampled on Dad this morning." That's the wild open spaces for you—take things as they come.

Don't imagine, however, that all the characters in Sunday School fiction are without their passions. Take the opus entitled *Blind Fury*.

Here a nurse employed by a defense plant encourages a young worker to strive for a promotion. He strives. The new job entails so much responsibility that the hero can no longer meet her for lunch at precisely the hour they plan. This throws her into a "blind fury," and when she remonstrates with him, he gets blindly furious too. They both go to church the next Sunday and make up. Finis.

All Sunday School fiction, need I add, ends happily and on a note of strong moral conviction.



"What do you mean MY idea of bringing in the United States?"

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Russian Drama Without Tears

The *Russian Drama*. — It entertained the late venerated Prof. Hugo Münsterberg to hurl various words at the students in his psychology clinic and to bid them forthwith respond with their personal connotations. Thus, *top* would seem almost invariably to have suggested *hat*; *whiskey* to have suggested *soda*; *blue*, *Danube*; and so on. It entertains the present somewhat less venerated Prof. Nathan to hurl various modern national drama at his readers and to bid them do likewise. He need not, however, as in Münsterberg's case, wait even momentarily for the connotations, since they will be even more routine than the Harvard boys' replies. Thus, French drama will in nine instances out of ten undoubtedly suggest *infidelity* and in the tenth maybe *bed-room*; English will connote *drawing-room* and in the tenth perhaps *butler*; German will betoken *stodgy* and from the facetious back row in the tenth either *beer* or *fat actresses*; and the Russian, in all ten cases, surely and per tradition *gloomy*.

That there is a measure of accuracy in all these connotations is obvious. But the measure is materially smaller than is commonly thought. For one modern French play treating of infidelity there are at least three that do not. For one English play set in a drawing-room there are at least four or five otherwise set. For one stodgy German play there are at least five far from stodgy. And though the modern Russian drama often leans to the gloomy there is plenty of evidence that the Russians can chuckle with the best of them.

The popular picture of Russian drama, fairly justified by the examples of it generally shown on the stages of the Western world, remains still that which I impressionized all of twenty-eight years ago in *Another Book On The Theatre*:

Cast

Miska Vasalnavitch Klooglosevtloff
(a retired professor)
Anna Vladimirovna Klooglosevtloff
(his ailing wife)
Andrievna, Elizavetna, Marina, Marfa,
Varvana, Binga, Masha, Ginka,
Paulina (his daughters)

Volgutz, Savel, Kuligin, Boris, Constantin, Alexis, Ivan (his sons)
 Michailovsky Alexandrovitch Distcheff (his wife's brother, a failure)
 Astroff Leonidivitch Zowski (his first cousin, a failure)
 Marina Konstantinova Petrishsheff (his second cousin, a failure)
 Bimboff (his third cousin, a neurotic)
 Butkevitch Spiffvitch Kokoklinghin (his wife's step-uncle, a paralytic)
 Kudrash Ilia Psychovitch (his grandfather)
 Dmitri Binghoff Korotskoff (his half-brother, a half-wit)
 Nastasya Paulovitchna Vitch (his imbecile great-aunt)
 Leonidas Dostevski Klishavitch (his uncle's brother-in-law, a dipsomaniac)
 Feodore Paulovitch Sonoff (his doctor)
 Klinghoff Abrezkovitch Statchoff (his wife's doctor, a paranoiac)
 Pishkin, Dltchidor, Borapatikin (other doctors)
 Gamboff, Pisk, Kudrash, Gregorovitch (epileptics)
 Sergius Vodkaroff (chief of police)
 Diapera (an old nurse)

The entire action is laid in the country home of the Klooglosevloffs, near Moscow, during a thunderstorm.

In the popular imagination the plot of the Russian drama follows, with minor variation, one of three courses. In the first, all the characters are filled with a deep longing for something they haven't got, and never get it. In the second, someone murders someone else for a Principle and, apprehended by the police after an hour and twenty-five minutes' colloquy with his conscience, escapes the law by sui-

cide. In the third, everybody except an old man with white whiskers goes crazy from drink, dissipation and philosophy.

That the Russian drama — the current war plays, as in the case of those of other nations, eccentrically and naturally aside — is frequently far from the accepted tombstone pattern and of some considerable humor is customarily overlooked. Katayev's farce-comedy, *Squaring The Circle*, hasn't a paralytic in it from beginning to end and is approximately as pessimistic as Sacha Guitry. Evreinoff's *The Chief Thing* is, thematically, Pirandello dancing with the Irish Lennox Robinson. His *The Theatre Of The Soul* is satirical humor all compact. And his *The Merry Death* is as entertaining a harlequinade as his *The Beautiful Despot* is droll irony. Ostrovsky's *The Forest* and *Little Snowdrop* glint with pleasant humors. Nemirovitch-Dantchenko's prize-winning *The Value of Life* is frisky comedy; gay farces like *Strange Child* popularized Moscow's Satire Theatre; and Saltuikoff-Shchedrin's *The Death of Pazuhin* added to Moskvina's high standing as a comedian.

If you think all Russian plays contain speeches like "Yes, I am well. It would be better if I were ill — but something is wrong. Such a fancy keeps flitting through my

head and I cannot escape from it. I begin to think and I cannot collect my thoughts; I try to pray and I cannot. I murmur words with my lips but my mind is on something else. What is the matter with me? Some misfortune is going to happen! At night, I cannot sleep; I no longer dream those old dreams about the trees of paradise and the mountains," etc., — if you think that, disabuse yourself of the notion by taking a look at Zamiatin's *The Flea* or Faiko's *Teacher Bubus*. If it is loud sex farce you seek, you won't find a louder one than Shkvarkin's *Another Man's Child*, which was so great a success in Soviet Russia that it brought its author more than a million roubles in royalties in its first year. Pushkin's *The Stone Guest* is given to smooth Don Juan humors; and Turgenieff's *A Month In The Country* is certainly far from being the grim business the Theatre Guild made it out to be by casting the tragic Nazimova in the leading woman's rôle but rather a high comedy, as the Moscow Art Theatre properly realized (Moskvin scored one of his biggest comedy successes in it) and as the local Gilbert Miller, taking a hint from the St. James's Theatre in London, appreciates in his hope to revive it with the comédienne Ina Claire.

The delusion of the insistent gloom of the Slav drama in toto, spreading to the majority of our local producers, ambitious stock company actresses and one-tongued translators and adaptors, has helped further to mislead audiences. It is such as these who, unlike Guthrie McClintic, have banished much of the periodic satiric comedy from Chekhov's *The Three Sisters*, unlike the Lunts from his *The Sea Gull*, and unlike Jed Harris from his *Uncle Vanya*. It is such as these who have ignorantly tricked audiences into imagining that a people who could give birth to world-famous witty ballets, comical Balieff vaudeville, operas like Rimsky-Korsakov's *The Girl from Pskov*, orchestral scherzos like Borodin's, and jolly *belles lettres* like Andreyev's *Satan's Diary*, Dostoievski's *Another Man's Wife* and Gogol's *How The Two Ivans Quarreled* — that such a people could produce only dramatists who invariably saw their world as an admixture of desolation, despair and lingering death.

What is further generally overlooked is the two-sidedness of many Russian playwrights. Thus, if one of the leading moderns like Alexander Afinogenev, haplessly killed a year and a half ago in an air raid on Moscow, could write the tragic *Distant Point*, he could also write

the humorous *Mashenka*, a sociological comedy about children which is announced for local production under the title, *New Horizon*. Thus, in the past, if one like the celebrated Griboyedov wrote in the vein of tragedy, he could also write in *Gore ot Uma* what is considered to be one of the great classic Russian comedies. And probably even the Quiz Kids can tell you that the Chekhov whom their elders somehow view as an apostle of gloom was a pretty hand at lively farce and satire, as *A Marriage Proposal*, *On the Harm of Tobacco* and *Entr'act Under The Divan* attest.

For every deep-dyed woe-is-me playwright, the Russian theatre in point of fact has offered one who has often approached the world with a genial smile: the witty Ostrovsky before mentioned, Sologub (his *Vanka the Butler* is a comedy lark), Luiboff Stolitsa (*The Mirror Of The Virgin* will give you some sardonic grins), Evreinoff (*The Foundation of Happiness* is a three-act spoof of gravediggers), Kuzmin, Merezhkovsky and, surely, again Griboyedov with his *The Misfortune Of Being Clever*. And now once more, if there remain any slightest doubt in the matter, we have in prospect as I write another revival of Gogol's classic comedy,

The Inspector-General, which should further contribute to the death of the legend that the Russian dramatist invariably cries into his beard.

* * *

The Folk Musical. — When it comes to the average folk play, it is better to have it with music, which is the case with Lynn Riggs' *Green Grow The Lilacs* converted by the Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein into *Oklahoma!* Whereas in its dramatic form the exhibit was on the supine side, in the musical it gains the measure of vitality it earlier lacked. Rodgers' score, one of his best, does wonders for the script, and if the Riggs' fable still lags when mouths speak it instead of singing it and if Agnes de Mille's choreography is here and there too extended and somewhat overly art-conscious, the evening as a whole is nevertheless an agreeably acceptable one.

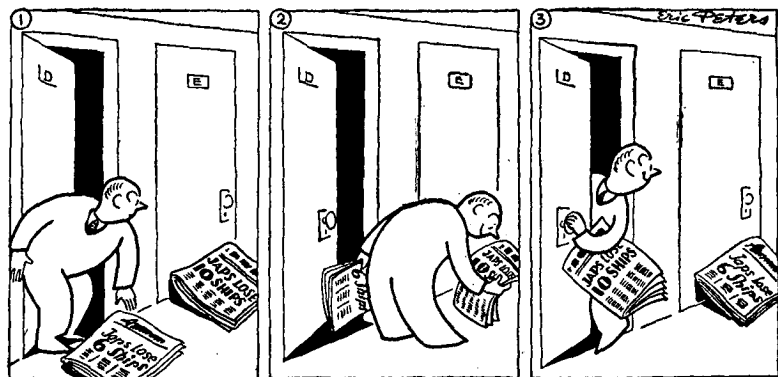
The so-called folk play as we have commonly experienced it on the more modern local stage has needed a Rodgers badly. From *Bunt Pulls The Strings*, which was nothing but the old greasypaint Little Miss Fixit plot in Scotch dialect, to such recent dispensations as *Papa Is All* with its gun figuring climactically in a Mennonite community that notoriously forbids the presence of all firearms, and from Lula Vollmer's *Trigger* and

The Hill Between with their dated themes concealed in Southern mountaineer accents to the later *The First Crocus* with its Scandinavian-Americans comporting themselves like Charles Kleins in a Lottie Blair Parker makeup, eight out of ten of the plays have been for the most part sophisticated affairs. Only the plays emanating from Ireland, and now and then Spain, have had any authenticity and, at that, several of the Irish seem occasionally to have confused Pat O'Mulligan, the illiterate swineherd, with W. B. Yeats, as several of the Spanish appear to have mixed up the genealogical charts of their peasants with those of Sardou.

It is thus, to repeat, that whereas many such folk plays fail as drama

they offer likely material for the song and dance stage. There, the dubious plots and characters they contain do not much matter, since gay tunes, lovely costumes, pretty legs and fancy scenery make one oblivious of their deficiencies and reconstitute their materials into something that, at least superficially, seems to have more body to it than the usual Broadway musical comedy book.

Nevertheless, the day they make a musical show out of *Tobacco Road*, dress up the Georgia cracker girls in silks and satins and have Jeeter Lester eat crêpes Suzette instead of turnips, expect no such friendly notice as this to *Oklahoma!*, even if Rodgers himself should write the music for it.



DOWN TO EARTH

By ALAN DEVOE

Great Blue Heron

THE wild creatures of the earth have reacted in a variety of fashions to the coming of that unique two-legged animal, gifted with a convoluted cortex and a devious will, who made his startling appearance on their earth a few millenniums ago. Some of the wild things, too gentle to survive his

malignance or too instinct-fixed in old patterns of behavior to be capable of ready charge, have simply perished under his assault, as man has spread and increased and carried his contrivances to more and more parts of the earth, or else they have fled helplessly before him; so that now the passenger



Great Blue Heron

Frank Utpatel

pigeons are extinct and the ivory-billed woodpeckers, or their vestige, inhabit only the deep fastnesses of quiet forest which human machinery has not yet claimed. Other wild things, more hardy and resistant, have drawn on the subtle "deep-knowing" which served the pre-human world as mind, and have held their ground. They have sharpened and adapted their natural woods-wisdoms, their animal canniness, their old wild instincts, to deal cunningly with the man-environment; so that now the crows are human-wise as well as woods-wise, and have turned their old genius for mimicry, exuberant mischief and flock-cooperation into fluid and astonishing stratagems for coexisting successfully — almost derisively — with the invader.

The impact of humanity changes various animals in various ways. There are accommodations by docility, accommodations by guile. The wild horse has become a slave; the fox has grown trap-wise, learning the smell of the toothed steel as well as he once knew the smell of lynx. Small sparrows have grown accommodated to soot and gasoline fumes as once they were accommodated to green hedgerows and the clear sunlit air. Animals that in the wilderness are nearly without fear save when pursued by their natural

enemies have acquired, in man-places, a protective timidity and terror. Wherever we have gone, carrying our civilization into what was once the home of winged and four-footed wilderness dwellers, followers of ancient wilderness-ways and wilderness-wisdoms, we have compelled nearly all those denizens either to adapt their ways, or to flee from where we are, or to die.

But there are exceptions. There are a few creatures which, in the very midst of all our bustle of alterations and inventions, still follow precisely their ancient way. They have not accommodated their ancestral wisdoms to our pattern; they have not acknowledged our power by exhibiting a terror; they have not fled. They exist, so to speak, oblivious that we are here. Of these persisting ones, the chief and symbolic is perhaps the great blue heron.

Any man must be made to wonder, and to admire, by the wild sagacity and woods-guile with which crows and wolves and foxes have learned to deal with humanity and to survive our presence. Any man must be touched by the tragedy of the gentler and less pliable creatures, which could not endure against us. But such a bird as the great blue heron stirs an observer in a queer and special way. Grave,

calm, serene, the statuesque herons wade every summer in our water-courses, heedless that the water-courses are now bordered by farm buildings or suburban apartments or macadam highways instead of by quiet alder-thickets. The noise of trains, the noise of cars, the general excitement and fever which attend our human presence. . . . all these have not stirred the stately heron from its ancient and enormous calm.

II

A watcher of herons finds it easy to understand why herons have played so large a rôle in the art of China, and have been similarly meaningful to our Indians. For the temper of China, like the Indian temper, is earth-close and wry and philosophical, and there ever underlies it a feeling that our whole world of human contrivance is almost comically paltry and transient when set against the great brooding eternity of nature. And so in China there is love of things — like the mist, like mountains — which bespeak how nature, despite all our hot little interruptions and interferences, remains, in her deep heart, nature still. There is love of herons. The great slow stately birds, so unmoved by our humanity, are sym-

bols of the deep persistence in nature — the calm and serene and undeflectable persistence — of an ancient Way and an ancient Will, unswerved, save superficially, by our rebellions.

A great blue heron, except in the nesting season, is solitary. In the time of breeding, the great birds gather in one of their communal heronries, usually located in a wooded swamp, and there construct the huge nests of branches, twigs and withered water-grasses in which their lake-green eggs are laid and their grave-eyed young ones presently reared. The swamps where the herons build have often been frequented by them for many years. Originally the swamps were part of a wilderness; today, often enough, towns have encroached near them, and the young may hear, in addition to woods-sounds and the somber croaking of the parent birds, the hum of traffic. But still the herons come back. Unless intolerably molested, they adhere, as ancestrally, to their ancient course.

The nesting season over, the heron becomes once more solitary. It leaves the swampy woods now, and takes to wading the brooks and water-courses in a slow, grave hunting for frogs, fish, small snakes, salamanders. The body of a great

blue heron is some four feet long. The span of the wings is considerably greater than the height of a man. The legs which support the slaty body are elongated to stately stilts. The beak, powerful and pointed as a spear, is nearly half a foot from tip to base. So huge a creature is the great blue heron, so majestically serene in look, so ponderously slow in gait and so utterly motionless in rest, that it does indeed suggest embodiment of the slow and elemental and implacable power which is nature's own. Where a heron is, even if there be a highway nearby or the smell of factory-smoke mingling with the smell of the creek-watered vegetation, in that place a man is made to feel that the cool rushing water, the drenched mossy stones, the sedges, are in truth the abiding reality of earth, and that human encroachments and little alterings are not more than an inconsequential impudence. A heron forever carries with it the spirit, and communicates a hint of the power, of primal things.

Much of the heron's fishing is a waiting. With long neck doubled into a flattened S, the bird stands motionless in the flowing current among the reeds. It stands as motionless as a tree or a rock, as motionless as though time did not

exist. With unwinking yellow-irised eyes it stares at the water. It is lost, as herons for uncountable centuries have been lost, in a withdrawn contemplation of caddis-worms, brook-snails, the swirl of little minnows. It may stand for many minutes, sometimes for an hour, with no movement except perhaps the slow drawing-up of one long yellow leg. The heron is oblivious to everything but its immemorial preoccupation. Suddenly, more rapidly than any human eye can follow, the curved neck straightens out and the great raptorial-beak is plunged into the water. Within seconds it is drawn up again. There is a wriggling little fish held in the mandibles, or a fat frog speared by their point. Briefly, there is the contortion of the heron's swallowing. Then the bird is again still as a stump, motionless in the reeds.

Between its long periods of immobile watchfulness, the heron wades slowly along the course of the stream. It stalks with an incredible leisure and a powerful poised grace. Each great dripping foot is lifted so slowly and subtly from the water, moved so gradually forward, and then re-inserted so infinitely delicately, that the water-surface is scarcely rippled by the bird's passage. The huge body moves as a

body might move in a dream. . . . evenly, effortlessly, in a kind of fantastically slow but unrelenting glide. And always, as the heron moves along the water-course, the yellow eyes are watching. Periodically, without a break or halt in the fluid rhythm of the gait, the beak strikes downward, spears an eel or a shining dace, and is withdrawn into a poised curve again.

A great blue heron's massive obliviousness to humanity is not the obliviousness of stupidity. The heron is wary — no wild thing more so. At the crack of a shot it is off and away on great slow-beating wings. It is not readily to be shot or trapped or taken prisoner. (In combat, the fiercely wielded beak has been known to pierce a pine-wood oar with such force as to protrude two inches through it.) A heron simply ignores, as out of a strength too old and sure to be troubled, humanity's intrusion. A shot may drive it from its fishing-stream; but it flaps only a little way away, and then settles again, immobile and reposed; and the next day, or the next season, it has returned to the original fishing-stream. A heron is not forced readily into lasting hiding. It is not made readily to

relinquish its old ways, its old composure, its old kingdom of mossy stones and glinting minnows and cool flowing water.

"The wilderness," an old Delaware once said, "is never defeated. The wilderness has secret devices, and an endless strength." The language is that of poetry and prophecy, but it has a meaning. The great blue herons may one day be defeated and gone forever from our waterways. But the deep persistence of primal nature which they symbolize . . . ?

The migratory flyways of herons sometimes lead them over our great cities. The birds flew those courses before there were cities; they fly them still. So it is possible sometimes, in the city night, to hear a high wild lonely cry, a kind of rattling "Quoskh! Quoskh!," elemental as a wolf-call. To those who recognize it, it evokes rushy meres, wooded swamps, drenched moss. In an imaginative man it may start curious fancies. For even great cities, we now know, are very frail and fallible constructions. And the spirit of the wilderness, bespoken in that guttural cry in the night, is very old and very sure and very strong.



THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 645)

with a group of Soviet diplomats and agents abroad. Much of the action takes place in Paris. Through Wislicenus, the Old Bolshevik embittered by the collapse of his old ideals and hunted by the GPU, through Tamarin, the Czarist general in Soviet service; through Ambassador Kangarov, a stupid and pitiful politico of the Stalin epoch—the reader senses the corruption of Lenin's dream and the tragedy of those enmeshed in its débris. But Aldanov does not load the dice against the Soviet facts—not even to the extent that Sinclair Lewis and other American satirists load them against the American facts. His tale sparkles with humor and is mellow with understanding and compassion.

The notion that an honest and finely wrought novel about Soviet men and women will hurt relations with Russia bespeaks a pathetic anxiety to conceal something. Suppose that Russians in Russia started a campaign to suppress *Main Street* or Dreiser's *American Tragedy* on the ground that it is "anti-American" and therefore detrimental to good relations with the USA? We'd say they're crazy. The facts in reverse justify the same conclusion about those who advance this argument for suppressing *The Fifth Seal*.

E. L.

THE HERO IN HISTORY, by Sidney Hook. \$2.50. *John Day*. There has been real need for clarity on the hero-myth which has infected even the still-free citizens of the democracies, as it has smitten down the once-free citizens of the dictator states. Professor Hook has gone far towards meeting this need.

He offers the interesting definition that the hero is "the event-making man" rather than the "eventful man." The eventful man owes his success to fortuitous advantages offered

him by the crossroads of history; he has not anticipated its features or calculated its character. The true hero, the event-making man, on the contrary, has *creative* capacity in molding history. He has foreseen events and enlisted divergent forces in his own service; he shapes the course of affairs and leaves the stamp of his personality upon them.

In this sense, there are heroes who have been vital agents of good and social change: for example, Caesar, Cromwell, Catherine the Great, Napoleon, Lenin. Yet the author cautions us with a rueful Chinese proverb: "The great man is a public misfortune." Democrats must be forever on guard against them. The book is replete with skillful portraits of historical personages to estimate their place in the hero-myth. There are penetrating sections like those on Social Determinists, Hegel, Spencer, the orthodox Marxists, "The Russian Revolution: a Test Case."

A. K.

FREE MEN OF AMERICA, by Ezequiel Padilla. \$2.50. *Ziff-Davis*. A learned analysis of the Pan-American idea and a passionate and persuasive plea for developing all its possibilities. Dr. Padilla, who is Mexican Secretary for Foreign Affairs, looks upon the Americas as the guides of the future "up the rough slope of history. Just as Brazil is the guide in the spirit of fellowship, Mexico in social justice, the United States is the leader in liberty." Carleton Beals, who contributes a preface, says that "Jefferson, were he alive today, would be glad to sign his name to this book of Padilla's." This is a large statement, but there is considerable basis for it in this extraordinary volume.

THE MENACE OF THE HERD, by Francis Stuart Campbell. \$4.00. *Bruce*. The anti-

democratic thesis is here given a full, erudite, and stimulating treatment. The author is no totalitarian. On the contrary, he regards Bolshevism and Fascism as ultimate expressions of the herdist ideal that passes for democracy. He considers himself frankly as a reactionary, a monarchist, a Catholic without taint of doubt. Insofar as he defends the validity and the dignity of the individual and the private conscience, his views are remarkably liberal under their reactionary labels. Even for those who disagree completely with its point of view the book offers an intellectual challenge.

IN PEACE JAPAN BREEDS WAR, by Gustav Eckstein. \$2.50. *Harper*. A travelogue of Japan by a celebrated scientist and writer who spent considerable time in that country — but different from most other travelogues in that it really tells something about the people. In forty-nine brief sketches Dr. Eckstein describes every class of man and woman in the Nipponese Empire, from generals and priests to grandmothers and street urchins. He thinks that even the most intelligent Japanese still lives in a world radically different from ours, and that when he talks Occidental phrases he is only "a child making big words with letters printed on wooden blocks."

YOUNG SAM CLEMENS, by Cyril Clemens. \$3.00. *Leon Tebbetts Editions, Portland, Maine*. The only living relative of Mark Twain adds a few footnotes to our knowledge of his life up to the age of thirty-one. Future biographers and literary historians will at least have to run through this book. The forewords by Hendrik Willem Van Loon and the late Grant Wood are superfluous.

DRESS REHEARSAL, by Quentin Reynolds. \$2.00. *Random House*. An eye-witness account of the historic Dieppe raid. It is somewhat loosely and hurriedly written, and could easily be cut by at least a third, yet on the whole it makes absorbing reading, particularly the personal sketches of some of the officers and men who participated.

THE THOUSAND-YEAR CONSPIRACY, by Paul Winkler. \$2.75. *Scribner's*. Mr. Winkler's thesis is that Hitlerism, far from being an extraordinary phenomenon in Germany, is but a continuation of the Prusso-Teutonic philosophy, which has had so much influence on German politics and diplomacy for many centuries. Unfortunately there is little in this volume that has not been said before a hundred times, and much better.

JULES VERNE, by George H. Waltz, Jr. \$2.50. *Holt*. The associate editor of *Popular Science* has here written what is probably as complete a biography of the great French imaginative writer as can be obtained in any language. The available material is so scarce, indeed, that Mr. Waltz has had to resort to fiction in places to fill in his account. There are a number of illustrations.

SEVEN CAME THROUGH, by Edward V. Rickenbacker. \$1.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. The full story of the twenty-one days spent adrift on the Pacific by Captain Rickenbacker and seven of his companions — one of them dying at sea. It is an extremely moving story, and will probably be read many years from today. The author's opinions of labor's part in the war effort, appended for no apparent reason, do small honor to his knowledge or intelligence. There are several illustrations.

THE TRAGEDY OF EUROPEAN LABOR, 1918-1939, by Adolf Sturmthal. \$3.50. *Columbia*. A thorough and often penetrating account of the strange course of the labor movement on the Continent: continuous growth in all countries accompanied by a continuous inability or unwillingness to influence politics and to stem the tide toward fascism. Dr. Sturmthal, who is professor of economics and director of the Institute for Economic Education at Bard College, Columbia University, thinks that all labor, especially American, will have to learn the great power it holds politically as well as economically before democracy has really come to stay.

CHILE, A GEOGRAPHICAL EXTRAVAGANZA, by Benjamin Subercaseaux. \$3.00. *Macmillan*. Travelogues are usually dull and bombastic, but this one of Chile is unusually witty and charming. It was a best seller there and understandably so.

TOKYO RECORD, by Otto Tolischus. \$3.00. *Reynal & Hitchcock*. An excellent report, in diary form, of Japan's fateful last year of peace with the democracies. The author was in Japan a year and a half, from January 1941 to June 1942, as the *New York Times* Tokyo correspondent; the last six months he spent in jail where, with other American citizens, he was tortured. He points out that Japan's military connections with Germany are tenuous, that the Japanese are striving for world conquest on a religious basis, and he emphasizes, in considerable detail, the fundamental differences between the Japanese and American people.

GARDENING FOR GOOD EATING, by Helen Morgenthau Fox. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. This gardening book intersperses the history of vegetables and berries with the way to raise them and unusual ways to cook them. More literate than the usual book of this type.

POETRY

COME IN AND OTHER POEMS, by Robert Frost. Selected by Louis Untermeyer. \$2.50. *Holt*. The poems here were chosen and "integrated" from Mr. Frost's seven published volumes. They make an excellent collection, but they would have made even better reading without Mr. Untermeyer's "integrating" comments, which are dull and often add nothing to the enjoyment of the verses. The illustrations by John O'Hara Cosgrave II are on the obvious side.

LOT'S WIFE, by Max Eastman. \$2.00. *Harper*. A remarkable long narrative in robust and sinuous verse. The Biblical tale of Sodom and Lot and his wife is told with refreshing candor in its modern connotations.

For those who relish the lusty and original in literature, the little book holds a feast.

FICTION

ANOTHER CLAUDIA, by Rose Franken. \$2.50. *Farrar & Rinehart*. "How to be happy though married" might be the subtitle of this gem of polite ladies fiction. Poor Claudia, although she has already had two children, interprets a new pregnancy as *la grippe* and meets with other tribulations: the house catches fire, the new baby dies after birth, her husband is ordered overseas. The great climax comes when she recovers from a nervous breakdown merely by overhearing the psychiatrist diagnose her case. If this is the American Wife as the jacket blurb so delicately puts it, it doesn't look so good for the future of the country.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN, by Ellery Queen. \$2.00. *Little Brown*. Cornelia Potts, founder of the Potts Shoe, and her six children live in a "palace" on Riverside Drive. Mystery and horror dominate the scene and it takes all of Ellery's brains to outwit the killer. A swell evening's entertainment, and incidentally the reader discovers the origin of Nikki Porter, that engaging secretary of Ellery's who heretofore has only appeared on Ellery's radio program.

EXPERIMENT PERILOUS, by Margaret Carpenter. \$2.50. *Little, Brown*. A doctor meets and befriends a scared little old lady going home to her brother and his family after having been in a sanitarium. From there on the doctor is caught up in a weird series of events which fill him with bewilderment and almost cause his death. The first mystery novel to be the choice of the Literary Guild and it well deserves the honor.

DEATH IN THE BLACKOUT, by Anthony Gilbert. \$2.00. *Smith and Durrell*. The criminals have the effrontery to commit their crimes in the apartment under lawyer-sleuth Arthur Crook. Naturally he is their nemesis. Witty and entertaining.

THE OPEN FORUM

THE DECLINE OF GERMAN STRATEGY

SIR: Spectacular Nazi victories in Europe and the resultant sense of humiliation in the democracies blinded the world to a fact that is now becoming more and more apparent: *the decline of German strategy under Hitlerism*. Notwithstanding those victories, it is a fact that German generalship deteriorated no less than German science and German art under totalitarian control. It has been a long and steep descent from Moltke, Schlieffen and even Ludendorff to the Rommels and von Pauluses.

The older officers, mostly sons of Junker families, were from the outset objects of suspicion to the Nazi régime. A "rejuvenation" was therefore undertaken through rapid promotion for "reliable" Nazis and appointment of half-baked "Party generals." If the Junkers felt only contempt for Hitler and his cohorts, the Nazis in their turn sneered at military brainwork. Brains, they contended, could always be replaced by sheer power, in war as in diplomacy and propaganda. The military "new order" abrogated laws of strategy that have been valid since the battle of Cannae. It proceeded on the assumption that strategy had been overrated anyhow. The tactical use of superior equipment would take the place of maneuvering — the element of chess-playing would give way to slugging and fast foot-work.

Since 1933 German officers have been trained as killers, not as fighters. Formerly students of generalship were taught to weigh their means as well as their immediate and final objectives. They were warned not to underestimate the enemy's strength and possible plans. But youthful Nazi generals only laughed at such precepts. The enemy was now assumed to have no striking power and no objectives other than to save his skin.

German army regulations to which the writer had access, issued since 1936, instructed junior officers to "keep moving," never to let operations come to a halt. Whether they had an immediate objective or not, they must push ahead to make the enemy think they had one. Don't worry about the enemy's possible intentions, it told these officers, just paralyze him with fear and destruction. The German Army manuals of 1940, which the writer has inspected, covered every type of action except one: retreat. Rapid and total annihilation of the foe was prescribed — don't waste time outmaneuvering him, just hit him hard, again and again. Military genius gave way to brutality, mass — and Hitler's intuition. And it worked, at least until the Germans met resolute and well-equipped opposition.

The myth of Nazi invincibility, of course, was born in Poland. Yet something remained to be explained. After the first murderous blows, small segments of the wrecked Polish forces made an improvised stand before Warsaw, and suddenly the lightning ceased to strike. Instead of outmaneuvering the pitifully inferior enemy, the Wehrmacht was stalled for many days. Resistance might have continued for many weeks if the Poles had not been trapped by the Russian invasion.

The campaign of 1940 in Western Europe made the Germans look like military supermen. Closer analysis, however, raises some doubts. After piercing the French lines at Sedan and routing the army of General Corap, the Nazis gambled to a degree that no real strategist would have approved. The bulk of the Nazi forces drew a tight noose around the French army of the North, the BEF and the Belgian divisions, leaving only a thin

screen of a few fast-moving armored divisions between the main German forces and the reorganizing French. No less than sixty-five French divisions — a million men, probably five times superior to the screening forces — were outside the trap. Even troops with questionable morale and equipment should have been able to pierce that screen and, by attacking the Nazi flank and rear, turn defeat into victory. The Germans did nothing to meet this possible drive, relying on their guess that the French were paralyzed.

The gamble succeeded. But an all-out gambler, even if he wins, is not a genius: the wheel might have turned differently. The Nazis made a military law out of what was a lucky chance. They were confirmed in their conviction that strategy was outmoded. Hitler proceeded to put hard-hitting rowdies from his Elite Guard ahead of the politically unreliable Junkers.

Germany could not have been unaware of Soviet power. The writer participated in the Finnish campaign and knows from direct sources that the Finns did not underestimate Soviet strength. In any case, before attacking such a formidable foe the Nazis needed careful preparation. But Hitler relied again on sheer brute force. According to German army rules of the past, the attacker had to concentrate strength on the weakest spot in the enemy line. If no weak spot could be found in the initial position, the foe had to be maneuvered into a more vulnerable position. And Russia had a weak spot: Leningrad was close to the Finnish border and Moscow less than five hundred miles away. Had the Germans fought a delaying action from Latvia to the Black Sea, and concentrated greater strength on a line from Viipuri to the region north of Lake Ladoga, for a lightning push along the Leningrad-Moscow railroad line, they might have succeeded in crushing Soviet resistance. Hitler decided instead to advance practically along the whole front, again gambling on the guess that the enemy would be paralyzed. The failure to prepare for winter hardships is proof that the Germans in their arrogance had reckoned on everything except defeat or delay.

Erwin Rommel's 1941 success in North Africa did not merit the applause it received. Even an Italian general might have turned back the British advance forces from El Agheila in the early spring, after the hopeless Greek venture had weakened the Eighth Army to about one division. Rommel failed to deliver a decisive blow and his conduct of the campaign after the encirclement of Tobruk showed lack of insight. The forces he left at Tobruk were stronger than required for the mere control of the fortress garrison, but not strong enough to carry the place by assault; and the rest of the Afrika Korps, thus depleted, was just short of what was needed to drive the British back.

Those who credit Rommel with marvels overlook his sad, and perhaps fatal, failure to heed the old military wisdom which forbids battle in a bottleneck. In 1942, after the break-through at Bir Hacheim and the collapse of the defenses at Tobruk, the Nazi General's race for the Nile took him into a truly classic bottleneck — the narrow desert strip between the Mediterranean shore and the Quattara Depression. Nobody can blame Rommel for taking the chance of direct follow-up; he was trading organization for time. It was a gamble which even conservative strategists might have considered worth while. But when he halted in El Alamein, having failed to break into the open, the old rule against fighting in a bottleneck became valid. The Imperials were too exhausted to interfere with Rommel's operations. He could have withdrawn towards Mersa Matruh, thereby forcing the British to enter the dangerous bottleneck. But Rommel elected to cling to his precarious position, even after the repulse of his attack on August 31 gave him the proof that the British had increased their strength to a formidable extent. The October victory of General Sir Bernard Montgomery would never have been so decisive if Rommel had not been obliged to extricate his Afrika Korps from a bottleneck. No German General Staff captain of 1914 vintage would have fought the battle of El Alamein.

Neither would a true strategist have disre-

garded another established principle: never to fight with your flank unprotected and to fall back to a better position if you cannot protect it. That is what Hitler's marshals forgot to remember in Russia in 1942. In their spring and summer drive, the Nazis, having captured Rostov and the Crimea, should have pushed on for the neutral border of Turkey. They had to reach that to safeguard their right flank; in addition, full control of the Russian Black Sea coast was necessary to eliminate the threat of the Red Fleet. An advance beyond the low western range of the Caucasian mountains would have given the Nazis a choice of two operations — a march on Baku or a drive along the Turkish border into the Middle East. Instead they drove at Stalingrad with a long and highly vulnerable spearhead and an unprotected flank on the southern end of their line. Helmuth von Moltke would have been shocked to see Marshal von Bock, unmindful of his flank and rear, subject Stalingrad to a long, savage and fruitless assault. Von Bock's successor, Paulus, did no better. The procedure was completely contemptuous of strategic good sense. What had passed for military genius in France thus was exposed as military stupidity in Russia. Stalingrad offered proof that there is no permanent substitute for brains in warmaking.

It would be unwise to copy the Nazi mistake of underrating the enemy. Hitler's army is a mighty force. But events have shattered the myth of super-efficiency and invincibility. The "first rounds" in battles with the Nazis — violent, fast-moving, hard-hitting, reckless — remain dangerous in the extreme. But once the forces opposing them gain the initiative, the "new order" in military thinking is likely to fail.

MAJOR ERWIN LESSNER

New York City.

THE AMERICAN PLAN FOR POSTWAR GERMANY

SIR: I see no answer to the German situation in Europe except to break up the German Empire into a number of its former con-

stituent elements. I think that what Bismarck did in bringing about a federation of the German states will largely have to be undone. The world can no longer trust the leadership of Prussia in a federation of German states. By restoring Bavaria, Saxony and others and cutting them off from the leadership of Prussia I believe that a better start can be made toward the establishment of a democratic government and non-military procedures of all sorts than can be possible through any policing, disarmament, controlled schools and such measures.

It will be necessary for each of the German states to be a part of an adequately centralized Europe and not part of a German Empire. Centralization of the various services for the European continent is inevitable to a considerable degree. This would cover railroads, telephone service, mails, etc. Rearrangement of the whole program of customs and duties will be necessary. Some form of protection for democratic processes will be needed for a time while there is developed an acceptance of responsibility on the part of the Germans themselves for themselves. The people of Germany must come out through their own efforts. I have no sympathy for introducing our school system or any controlled thinking (American style) into Germany, or American ways into a country that is illy adapted to them.

RAY LYMAN WILBUR

(Chancellor of Stanford University)

*Stanford University,
California.*

SIR: I think it would be better to wait and study the configuration of things and examine British continental policy before drawing up grand and detailed plans for ordering the affairs of the vanquished nations. Playing ducks and drakes with supposititious abstractions in hypothetical situations is, in my opinion, a game for pedants, not for men. I may add, however, that I look forward with interest to reading the "impartial factual world history for German schools and universities," and suggest that a Gallup poll be taken on the

choice of American members of the commission to write that "history."

CHARLES A. BEARD

*New Milford,
Connecticut.*

ADVICE TO "CONFUSED LIBERALS"

SIR: A sensitive soul and full of doubts about nearly everything in this world, I smarted for years under the lash of the phrases *confused liberal* and *red-baiter* that my communist friends used to hurl at me when I refused to say yes to everything the Earl of Browder, the *New Masses* and the *Daily Worker* ordered as the One True Truth of the moment. But the other afternoon I at long last found redemption from my years of furtive pain. A pretty thing, who has three rooms to herself in a very fashionable Central Park West hotel, threw the aforementioned epithets at me. As usual I was paralyzed into silence, but then, as if pushed by a force from on high, I said, "Darling, I may be a confused liberal and a red-baiter, but are you sure you aren't a confused radical and a liberal-baiter?" Her face seemed to drop into her lovely lap, and I, always a gentleman, quickly turned the discussion to other matters. I mention this incident out of a sincere desire to help others in my former predicament.

GEORGE I. THORNTON

New York City.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM

SIR: I have always admired your magazine but I am surprised that you would print the scurrilous article "Calling All Spirits" by Dorothy Walworth. It is a cheap device to ridicule the religious faith of another. Hundreds of Spiritualist churches are chartered under the laws of our country. Its members are patriotic and law abiding. We feel that they are entitled to the same respect and con-

sideration that we would accord to any other religious body. It is not necessary to pay their workers, enter their churches nor affiliate in any way. But simple courtesy and the spirit of religious tolerance would seem to dictate that we refrain from public ridicule and abuse.

Thought transference has long been considered a proven fact. If mind and personality survive the physical body, as so many scientists claim and all churches teach, why then is a message from a discarnate intelligence considered ridiculous? Naturally, it comes through the mind of the medium and reflects the grade of the medium's own intelligence.

I have found Modern Spiritualism an up to date religion, progressive, alive and growing. It contains no more ignorant people than are to be found in any other religious organization.

MRS. W. R. WOOD

Ashubula, Ohio.



Communique: "Der Führer and Il Duce expressed their viewpoints and reached a close understanding."

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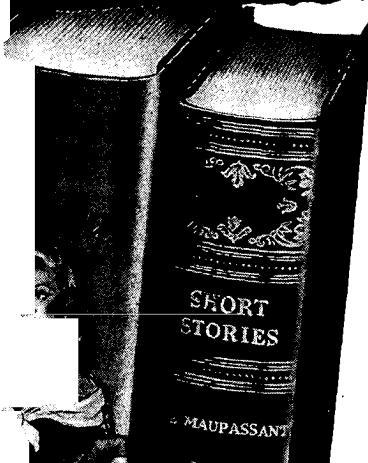
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